THE
NATION

APRIL 18, 1966 *35 cents*

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LETTERS

from Justice Black

Washington, D.C.

DEAR SIRS: I am writing you to express my own appreciation for the editorial that appeared in *The Nation* concerning Clifford Durr ["Conscience of a Lawyer," Feb. 21]. Cliff is one of the best men I have ever known. All of his life he has been the personification of gentleness, kindness and tolerance. His course in life has been marked by courage, not by expediency. He has never been afraid to advocate what he believed to be right or to oppose what he believed to be wrong. He has never compromised with what he believed to be evil and against the best interests of his country. As a public servant he fought valiantly for the public interest and not for what he thought was the best interest of Cliff Durr. I join you and others in paying tribute to Clifford Durr—a man without greed and without guile—and without ambition except an ambition to help promote equal justice for all men and women without regard to their race, creed, faith or their position in society.

In your editorial you state that "Durr's career in Washington came to an end when he boldly quoted the Constitution to Harry Truman, who was then setting up his Loyalty Review Board." This implies that President Truman refused to let Cliff stay in government service. President Truman did his best to persuade Cliff to accept reappointment to the Federal Communications Commission. He did this with full knowledge that Cliff was opposed to the loyalty program. The President talked to me in an effort to get Cliff to accept the reappointment. When I told the President that Cliff felt he should not accept reappointment because he was opposed to the loyalty program, the President said that made no difference. When told that Cliff's views were so strongly against the program that he might not even vote the Democratic ticket, the President again told me that that made no difference in this appointment. He said that whatever his views, he knew Cliff was a man of sturdy honesty and courage, and for that reason alone he wanted him to continue serving as a member of the Communications Commission. The President not only said that he would reappoint Cliff despite his views but added that he would fight to the last ditch for his confirmation by the Senate. Cliff's refusal to serve, as I understood it, was not due to any lack of respect or admiration for President Truman, but rather to his belief that it would somehow be wrong for him to accept the Presidential appointment and then fight the loyalty program policies as he was determined to do. I came out of this experience with the belief that there was something strikingly alike in the character of these two men—that both profoundly believed in plain, simple, homey honesty, and that neither could be swerved from doing that which he thought would best serve the public interest. *Hugo L. Black, U. S. Supreme Court*

conscientious Marines

Oakland, Calif.

DEAR SIRS: The undersigned have sent the following letter to Gen. Lewis Hershey, Director, Selective Service, and to Gen. Wallace Greene, Commandant, USMC, Washington, D.C.:

We are two Marine reservists who have served many months in this country's forces. We now form part of the vast pool of trained manpower the military establishment holds in readiness.

After long and agonized soul searching, we have decided we can no longer in good conscience support the Vietnamese war. We have informed our reserve commanders of our decision and of our intention in event

(Continued on page 459)

EDITORIALS

Straws in the Wind

Paris

It has been a common saying, ever since 1945, that all too many Germans have really only one thing against Hitler —he *failed*. But are there not now a growing number of Germans who are prepared to forgive him even that?

Do not the German local elections in Schleswig-Holstein in the north and in Bavaria in the south last month indicate a certain rehabilitation of Hitlerism? No doubt the two great parties, the Social Democrats and the Christian Democrats, have not been affected by these elections. But whereas one of the principal losers in the contest is the GDP, which used to thrive on the grievances of the refugees from the East (i.e., from areas taken over by Russia and Poland) —and most of these people have been thoroughly assimilated and integrated in West German society and economy—a relatively new political formation, the NPD (the "National Democratic Party of Germany") has, this time, succeeded in crystallizing much of the vague nostalgic Nazism still floating about. More important, it is more virulently right wing than practically anything seen in official postwar German politics up to now.

Taking Schleswig-Holstein and Bavaria together, the party's total poll amounts to only 2.1 per cent. But, significantly, in Nuremberg, the "capital" of Hitlerism (for here the Nazis held their giant cannibal congresses, and here the top Nazis were tried and hanged, and here was also the stronghold of the top Jew-baiter, Julius Streicher), 7.5 per cent voted for the neo-Nazis; in Bayreuth, with its intertwined Wagner-Hitler mythology, the neo-Nazi poll was 10.6 per cent. The "martyrdom" of those hanged at Nuremberg is one of the neo-Nazis' favorite themes.

No doubt Nuremberg and Bayreuth may be regarded as "special" cases; and an overall 2½ per cent neo-Nazi poll need not perhaps be regarded as a danger signal; but it is worth remembering that in 1928, during the period of the artificial pre-depression prosperity of the Weimar Republic, the Nazis scored only 800,000 votes out of a total of 31 million, which is a proportion roughly corresponding to that of the present neo-Nazi vote. Two years later—in 1930, with the depression having already severely hit Germany—the Nazi poll shot up to more than 6 million votes, and the Reichstag seats from twelve to 106. No parallel development need be feared under present conditions, but there is little doubt that not only among older Germans but also among the young generation the hero image of Hitler is being revived.

This rehabilitation of German right-wing nationalism (as it is being euphemistically called by some) has caused a great deal of discussion in France. Several Germans have written to the French press saying that it is all the fault of de Gaulle; if he were pursuing a federalist "European" policy, instead of a French nationalist policy, there would be less encouragement for the German people to return to their old evil ways. Much is being made of this by "Europeans" like Lecanuet in his campaign against Gaullism. *Le Monde*, the most influential French paper, and increasingly "European" and anti-Gaullist in its outlook, has

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published many of the German letters. It may well become a major political issue in France, especially if the neo-Nazis make further progress before the French general election less than a year from now.

ALEXANDER WERTH

God Makes the News Weeklies

In flaming red type against a black background *Time* (April 8) asks on the cover: "Is God Dead?" It is the first cover in *Time's* history to use no illustration. In *Look* (April 19) the noted theologian, John C. Bennett, writes "In Defense of God," and is featured on the cover. *Newsweek* (April 11) also discusses God's demise, just ahead of the obituaries of six mortals.

Although it has obtained so much precious space in the most topical of publications, the "Death of God" controversy is not nearly as widespread as it is made out to be. *Time* points out that according to a Harris poll last year, 97 per cent of the American people say they believe in God. They attach different meanings to the word, but the proportion of avowed atheists is small. It was to be expected that the concept of God, whether naive or sophisticated, would be transformed in the kind of age we live in. To illustrate, *Time* reproduces Raphael's concept of God, which shows an elderly bearded gentleman in a black robe flying over an earth which, by the scale of the trees in the picture, seems to be about a mile in diameter. This representation of God could scarcely be expected to survive the Sputniks, or, for that matter, the airplane. Centuries earlier, in fact, philosophers like Spinoza had abandoned the Judaic God, who was represented as really nothing but an old man sitting barefoot on a throne up in the sky.

Gabriel Vahanian's *The Death of God* grew out of an article that appeared in *The Nation* (December 12, 1959), but we prefer to leave the theological aspects to the theologians. What interests us is the mass media's fascination with the subject, transitory as that may prove to be. We suspect that the "Death of God," in addition to its attractions as somewhat sensational journalistic subject matter, has the tactical merit of diverting public attention from the genuine ferment going on in the churches on such issues as community organizations, ghettos, slums, civil rights and, above all, peace and the war in Vietnam.

What this activity seems to indicate is that many ministers, and the young ones especially, feel that the Church should be increasingly concerned with the patent evils and horrors of the world about us. To many ecclesiastics this is a most unwelcome development. Harvey Cox, in "The New Christian Soldiers" *(The Nation,* October 11, 1965), quotes Bishop Thomas J. Toolen of Birmingham and Mobile, who told the priests and nuns who were marching in Selma to go home and tend to "God's business." They refused; they felt they were attending to His business right there in Selma. It is this attitude—from *The Nation's* viewpoint wholly admirable—that might well be discussed at Easter, and throughout the year. Among people like these priests and nuns, God is not dead. They are proving it not by talking about Him but by expressing in action what is in their hearts. And has God ever been anywhere else?

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The Cost of Change

Ours is the country most advanced in technology and automation, and most eager to press further advance to the utmost. From an employer's standpoint, the most attractive form of progress is that which eliminates jobs. This is the setup which led to the recent railroad firemen's strike, and which will in all probability result in a strike against the newspaper merger in New York City. It is a recipe for labor-management conflict which is more costly than humane methods of dealing with the problem of what to do with people when machines take their jobs away.

The firemen's strike was absurd; it was also inevitable under the conditions the union faced. The history must be taken into account. The Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Enginemen is no aggregation of hastily organized, downtrodden workers. It was founded in 1873, at the height of the railroad age, and American labor generally owes much to it and the other rail unions. But it has fallen on evil days. The membership has dropped from 55,000 in 1957 to about 30,000, and the leaders felt that "something" had to be done. All that was left was to strike, and all the strike accomplished was to call attention to the firemen's plight, at the cost of serious annoyance to the public. And now the decline of the union will continue, perhaps at an accelerated pace.

If anything is to be salvaged, it will be in the form of lessons for labor, management, government and the public to keep in mind. And for the press—especially the press because a more obtuse, myopic treatment of a labor dispute can hardly be imagined than that which was meted out to the firemen's union.

(*1*) Labor cannot fight technology; from the Luddites on, it has never succeeded in stopping mechanical and technological innovation. The railway unions have been the most tightly protectionist; to some extent, the present plight of those railroads which are losing money is the result of union policy. It enabled railroad management to raise a tremendous fuss about "featherbedding"—a charge particularly effective against the firemen. By sedulous propaganda, the railroads made it appear that there was nothing to the union's case except a desire to get something for nothing in sinecure jobs. The propaganda was so successful that hardly anyone but the firemen realized that they were fighting for existence, that when they were ousted from the locomotive cabs, many would have nowhere else to go.

(*2*) When technological change portends the elimination of jobs and sizable numbers of people are involved, *the time to negotiate is before the jobs are lost, not afterward.* Afterward is too late. This implies that (a) in collective bargaining agreements, or (b) by law, employers or industries shall be required to give notice long in advance of their intention to eliminate jobs. A long lead time is vital. Given time for adjustment, a decent degree of amelioration is possible, through retraining of those who can be retrained, attrition (retirement of older employees), relocation, etc.

(*3*) Social Darwinism—the survival of the fittest and throwing human beings on the scrap heap—should be discarded as the ruling principle in industrial progress. The principle that should be applied is well stated by Herbert A. Simon in *The Shape of Automation*: "The general society which stands to benefit from the change should pay the major cost of introducing it and should compensate generously those who would otherwise be harmed by it. . . . There is no reason why the many should benefit from increases in productivity at the expense of the few who are displaced." According to this principle, in such cases a labor-management fund, probably with government participation, should be established, to take care of workers who are no longer needed in the industries they have served.

Today the firemen, tomorrow—almost any craft or trade. Predictably, it will be some time before Congress can be made to see the wisdom of applying some such formula as that advocated by Simon. If we prefer the present system—futile, costly, frustrating industrial conflict—we should understand that we are sabotaging that very "freedom" which we insist is our ideal, and which we are trying to promote all over the world. If we cannot do better, no one will wish to emulate us, and the time will come when we will not be satisfied with ourselves.

Life in the Elephant

Appearances to the contrary, there are some new stirrings in the Republican Party: nothing to toss hats in the air about just yet, but worth noting and deserving the encouragement of two cheers. Recently we applauded the initiative of thirty Republican Congressmen who signed a statement calling for an investigation of the draft (*The Nation,* March 14). Still more recently, a group of twenty-five Republicans—many of them signers of the draft statement—have issued an excellent position paper on foreign aid. Aid must be based, they insist, on defined criteria "to assure that aid recipients are interested in encouraging broad popular participation in government and development." Unless the people not the regimes benefit, the United States is wasting its money. There is no sovereign road to success in foreign aid; it must be extended on a case-to-case basis, for the circumstances differ so widely that what is practical in one country may be completely useless in another. Increased emphasis should be placed on rural and agricultural development through a more positive food-aid program and aid to agricultural technology. Greater care should be taken in selecting countries to receive foreign aid, with special emphasis on Latin America. We must not insist on carbon copies of Western political institutions, but only on the principle that government-to-government aid should not be extended to any country that fails to show interest in establishing broad suffrage, holding popular elections, and creating a civil service based on merit.

There are other recommendations in the same vein. Another exhibit of interest is the Ripon Society's current statement urging a new China policy. The specific proposals: that the United States should adopt a "less hostile" attitude toward China in official pronouncements (why "hostile" at all?); insistently pursue increased exchange of newsmen, scholars, doctors and cultural groups; cease trying to keep China out of the UN; adopt a more flexible trade policy; encourage Chinese participation in international conferences dealing with nuclear proliferation; and consider "a specific reappraisal of the nature and extent of

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the American commitment to Nationalist China and to Chiang Kai-shek."

Here again the proposals are not particularly startling but they do represent an attempt to push the party out of the Halleck-Dirksen-Goldwater trenches. Mark Hatfield in Oregon, Charles Percy in Illinois, Mayor Lindsay in New York, and Edward Brooke in Massachusetts are typical of the young leaders who, with the help of the Ripon Society and similar groups, and of the Congressmen who signed the draft and foreign aid statements, could yet bring new life and vitality to the GOP. Caught between the Far Right and the Lethargic Center, the GOP needs to fight its way through to the open areas where the people are to be found. Any movement in this direction is a good omen. The elephant is not galloping or trumpeting, but is slowly rising to its knees and may yet run again.

Snow from the Planets

To celebrate the opening of the 23rd Party Congress, the Moscow *Literary Gazette* of March 29 published the following poem:

THOUGHTS AT THE MAUSOLEUM

On Lenin's marble the snow is having a rest.
It was sent from distant planets.
And I seem to hear the snow gently sighing
Because Lenin isn't with us.

Gently the snowflakes come down on the marble,
And softly they mourn.
But what can you do? Death is inevitable,
And the years go by.

We can omit the next few lines, and just quote the conclusion:

Over the marble the snowflakes circle and whirl,
And sing their inaudible song,
And gently they declare how much they love Lenin,
And swear their loyalty oath!

The author of this poem is Victor Bokov, one of Russia's more sophisticated younger poets. One can only suppose that the bureaucrats of the *Literary Gazette* were so touched by the perfect party spirit of his verses that they even passed (without consulting any cosmonaut) the stunning scientific novelty of snow that came from "distant planets." But even the dutiful reader could hardly fail to suspect that these "distant planets" were intended to show him that the whole thing was a hoax. There are ways and ways of being nonconformist. We gather that Bokov's poem has raised a huge laugh in Moscow.

Phone Pollution

The wives—often the widows—of Americans serving in Vietnam have been receiving in recent months abusive, jeering and threatening phone calls. The incidents have risen into the hundreds, but thus far not a single one of them has been traced, and in the absence of information it is difficult to conceive what sort of diseased personalities are perpetrating them. The assumption among Army personnel is that they are the work of leftist agitators, but it is at least as plausible that they are a device employed by right-wing extremists who wish to defame the peace movement.

Whatever the motivation, the calls are obscene—often in content, always in intent—and it is both distressing and surprising that the electronic marvels of telephone technology do not include trapping those who heartlessly misuse the facility. And even if the callers were identified, there is great uncertainty about what legal action could be taken against them. State laws vary widely in the matter, and there is no federal statute. Senator Dodd of Connecticut has introduced a bill that would make it a federal offense to threaten or abuse servicemen or their families, but this seems an *ad hoc* measure, conceived in anger and perhaps with an eye to headlines. (Why, for example, should such a law discriminate between service families and the general public? *All* such expressions of anonymous malevolence are intolerable.)

Controversy in this country over the war in Vietnam grows more bitter week by week, but we have yet to hear a responsible voice raised against the individual American soldier in the field. It is not the sort of attack that can in decency be made.

CAMBODIA BESET

GAIL D. STARK

At present a member of the French Department at Southern Illinois University, Mr. Stark taught English for three years in Cambodia and for one year in Laos. He has written for Cambodian journals, and is at present completing a book on developments in Cambodia since independence.

The American press is full of articles on, or references to, the "slide," some journalists say "rush," of Cambodia into the waiting arms of China. Various evidence is put forth; the substantial and increasing Chinese aid to Cambodia, the rejection of American military and economic aid (November, 1963), the final break in diplomatic relations with the United States (May, 1965), and Sihanouk's many trips to Peking.

What is the truth behind these allegations? Is Cambodia really the vanguard of further Chinese penetration of the Indo-Chinese peninsula? Has Phnom Penh really become the center of Chinese espionage and subversion in Southeast Asia? A closer examination of the facts and an elementary knowledge of Cambodian history do not lead to this alarming conclusion.

Cambodian foreign policy is based, according to Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the head of state, on "reciprocity and

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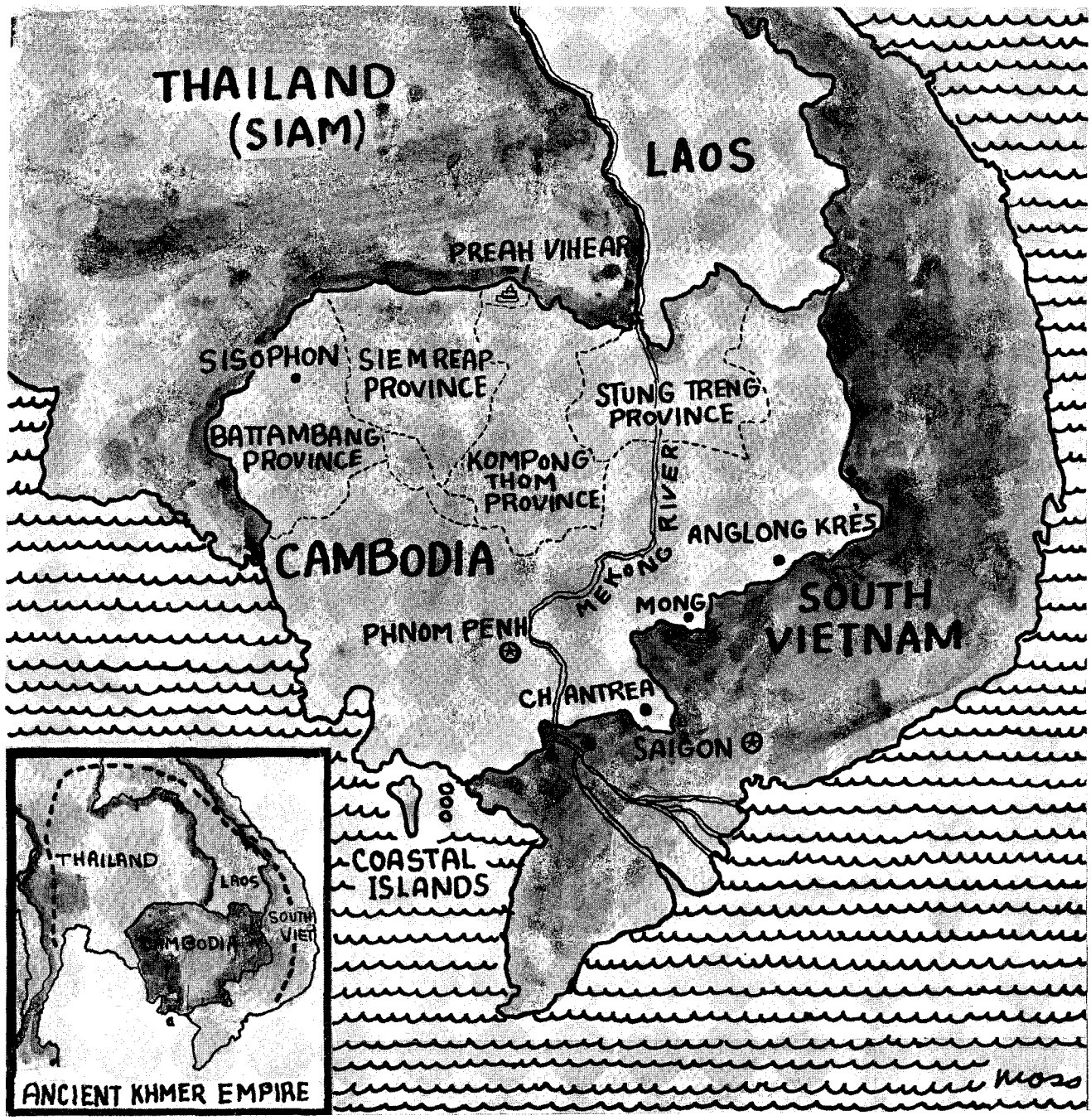
retaliation." Thus far, China has proved itself a good friend of Cambodia, and Cambodia "reciprocates" by supporting Chinese admission to the UN and praising China's "understanding" of underdeveloped countries. Cambodians see U. S. influence in Southeast Asia as on the wane, think we are embarked on a disastrous course in neighboring South Vietnam, and that we scorn their neutrality. Thus, the "retaliation" of ending American aid and the cooling of relations between the two countries.

Historically, Cambodia has never quarreled with China; indeed, the two countries have enjoyed good relations from the beginning of the Christian era. By contrast, Cambodia's immediate neighbors, Thailand and South Vietnam, closely allied to the United States, at least for the time being, have been sources of fear and worry almost from their beginnings as organized states. The ancient Khmer (Cambodian) empire included large parts of what is now Thailand, Vietnam and Laos. The southward march of the Thais and Vietnamese, both of whom came from south China, put increasing pressure on the empire, until, by the middle of the last century, Cambodia was reduced to a virtual vassal state of Siam (Thailand) and Annam, as Vietnam was then called. Finally, in 1863, King Norodom I asked France's help in preserving the independence of his shrunken kingdom. The French turned what had originally been a "gentlemen's agreement" into an out-and-out protectorate. However, they managed to get back for Cambodia the provinces of Battambang, Sisophon and Siem Reap which Siam had annexed, and Cambodia was established, more or less in its present frontiers, by the Franco-Siamese Treaty of 1907.

During the protectorate, Siam and Annam held their aggressive designs in check but, as later events were to show, they did not forget them. With the outbreak of World War II and the subsequent defeat of the French in Europe, Thai-



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land, allied with Japan, pressured the Vichy administration in Indo-China into ceding, once again, the province of Battambang, one of the richest in the kingdom, and parts of the provinces of Siem Reap, Kompong Thom and Stung Treng. It was only by the Treaty of Washington in 1946, that Cambodia managed to recover these areas.

In 1953, with the withdrawal from Cambodia of the French troops and the end of the protectorate, Thailand once more seized Cambodian territory. Thai police and soldiers occupied an old temple in northwestern Cambodia, Preah Vihear. The area occupied was inconsequential, but the incursion was particularly significant for the Cambodians not only as a new manifestation of Thai imperialism but because Preah Vihear is a supreme example of the ancient Khmer art of temple building and, as such, belongs to the Cambodian cultural heritage. The dispute was taken to the World Court, and the temple was returned to Cambodia in 1962.

On the Vietnamese side, things were scarcely better. When they withdrew from Indo-China in 1954, the French had awarded Cochin-China to Vietnam. This area, comprising all of lower Vietnam and including the Mekong Delta and the city of Saigon itself, had, for almost 2,000 years, been Cambodian and is still today inhabited by a large Cambodian minority. This loss was bitter enough, but when, a few years later, President Diem demanded coastal islands which were obviously Cambodian, it was hard to believe that the Vietnamese had discarded their plans for expansion at the expense of their neighbor.

In 1958, the troops of Diem occupied a part of Stung Treng province in northeastern Cambodia, and were dislodged only by a stern warning from the Chinese leaders. From 1958 to the present day, Cambodia's Vietnamese border has been subject to more than 300 violations by the troops and aircraft of Saigon, recently in company of their American "advisers." The border villages of Chantrea, Anglong Krès and Mong, to name only a few of the more tragic examples, were strafed, bombed, mortared and napalmed, causing widespread death and destruction.

To this day, Thailand and South Vietnam both refuse to recognize not only Cambodia's neutrality but its frontiers, making it, in effect, a state without borders.

The above history makes it easy to understand why Cambodia fears its neighbors much more than it does China. Indeed, the support China has promised in the event of an armed aggression is probably the only thing that has prevented Thailand and South Vietnam from trying to satisfy the centuries-old desire to divide the country between them, and establishing their common border at the Mekong. The Cambodians can hardly fail to appreciate this support, the more so since the United States has refused to recognize formally Cambodian territorial integrity. We are thus in the position of seeming to condone the brigandage of our allies and, if any one factor can be said to have contributed most to the rapid deterioration in Cambodian-American relations, it is surely this feeling, now a conviction, that we are behind Cambodia's two most mortal enemies.

In addition to the support China offers Cambodia against its neighbors, there is a difference in the ways that the Chinese and the Americans have given aid to that country.

Prince Sihanouk says: ". . . the capacity for gratitude is part of the stuff out of which the Khmers are made. They could be just as grateful to the Americans for the aid they used to furnish if the Americans—for their part—had not seen fit to attach humiliating conditions to its provision and the CIA had refrained from hatching plots against our national regime, and our eternal enemies in Saigon and Bangkok had not been provided with unwavering American support in their armed incursions into our national territory against a people ill equipped to resist them."

American economic aid to Cambodia began in 1951 and military aid in 1954. The total value of these two aids had reached $300 million by November, 1963, when both missions were asked to leave the country. If, as Prince Sihanouk said at that time, "this represents a very important contribution to our national development," why then the decision to terminate both missions?

When, after the 1954 Geneva Conference, America agreed to furnish arms for defense to Cambodia, it did so with the explicit provisos that Cambodia accept no arms whatsoever from a Communist-bloc power and that the American arms were to be used exclusively against Communist subversion. We were also to maintain a military mission (MAAG) in Phnom Penh to instruct the Royal Army in the use of the arms, and to pay a good portion of the salaries of the FARK (Forces Armées Royales Khmères).

Difficulties arose because the arms supplied were too often so old and in such bad repair as to be of doubtful effectiveness, and because the Cambodians were expressly forbidden to use them against the only people who subsequently menaced them, the South Vietnamese and Thais.

When, in 1958, in the incident alluded to above, Diem's troops invaded and occupied a portion of the Cambodian province of Stung Treng, the American Ambassador in Phnom Penh hurriedly demanded audience with Sihanouk to warn him solemnly that none of the trucks furnished the Cambodian army by MAAG could be used to transport troops to the occupied zone and that, furthermore, none of the ammunition provided by the U. S. could be fired at the South Vietnamese invaders, our loyal allies.

The Cambodians were forced to requisition buses and any other means of transport available to get their troops to the zone in question. In the wake of this humiliation, Sihanouk admits that "from that moment on, I swore to get rid of American aid as soon as possible," since it was "clearly incompatible with our national sovereignty."

Economic aid was more of a success than military aid. It encompassed several sectors, including education, agriculture, administration, police and public works; and even while giving his reasons for ending it, Sihanouk said: "Our American friends had, in spite of all, oriented their aid toward the areas where it could really serve the interests of the people."

Two of the most striking examples of the good use to which American aid was put are the irrigation system near Angkor Thom, the old capital of Cambodia, and the Teacher Training Institute at Kompong Kanthuot.

In the days of the great Khmer empire, the Cambodian kings had constructed a vast system of canals and reservoirs in the north of Cambodia, which permitted two or even

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three harvests a year. After the Siamese invasion in the middle of the 15th century, the kings abandoned Angkor and the irrigation system fell into disrepair. Working on the original plans, the Americans restored a great part of the system. The huge reservoir at Baray Occidental, just outside the gates of the ancient city, is once more functioning in its original purpose.

The Teacher Training Institute was intended to reduce Cambodian dependence on foreign (mostly French) teachers in the national schools. Located only a few miles south of Phnom Penh, the school was completed in 1957, and is equipped with many modern teaching aids, including a splendid language lab. The course of study is for four years and, in time, Cambodia should produce enough well-trained teachers to staff its secondary schools.

In addition, American aid has contributed wholly or partially to the construction of primary and secondary school buildings throughout the country. The modern and beautiful *collège* at Angtassom, halfway between Phnom Penh and Kampot, on the Gulf of Siam, is an example.

USIS, being essentially a propaganda organization, was suspect. The most successful USIS programs were the groups of two or more American folk singers or balladeers who made the rounds of the provinces in one-night stands. The touring movie vans probably ran a close second. Quite a few of my students at the Lycée were interested in receiving USIA publications, but were prevented by Cambodian law from getting them by mail at the school. I hesitated to turn my apartment into a reading room, as I did not want to be identified as just another USIS man who had gone to the "boondocks," but I willingly contributed books, usually quite excellent ones, distributed by USIS, at the annual awards convocation of the Lycée.

By contrast, the Khmer-American Friendship Highway, the major American aid project in Cambodia, and the one that was to be our "showpiece" (the Russians had just built a magnificent 500-bed hospital), was less than a success. The road was to link Phnom Penh and the new port of Sihanoukville on the Gulf of Siam. The port itself had been built with French aid to reduce Cambodian dependence on the whims of the Saigon government. (Until it was finished in 1960, all ships had to pass through South Vietnam going upstream to Phnom Penh.) Within the first year, the highway was practically unusable for a length of 80 kilometers, with great potholes and slides due to faulty construction and engineering. The Cambodians are still making repairs on it, and point out that similar roads we have built in Vietnam and Thailand have not collapsed.

Three major reasons led the Cambodians to decide that American aid was no longer "compatible with national sovereignty":

(*1*) The Cambodians claimed, and rightly, that the vast majority of the American press maintained a continuous campaign of humiliating disparagement against Cambodia, accusing it of "eating at the American trough" while opposing American policies, especially in Southeast Asia. But must a state which accepts aid necessarily hew to the foreign policy line taken by the donor? It would perhaps be convenient if this were the case, but there have been too many examples to the contrary. Then, the Cambodians say that the very real sacrifices of their own people were rarely, if ever, mentioned, and all progress was attributed to foreign, particularly American, aid. The American press holds a great share in the responsibility for the cool relations not only between Cambodia and the United States but between the United States and many other countries, particularly of the Afro-Asian bloc.

(*2*) The Cambodian Government was convinced that the CIA was supporting a small band of rebels, the Khmer Serei (Free Cambodians) led by one Son Ngoc Thanh, who is violently anti-Sihanouk, and has since 1942 plotted, connived and intrigued with first one foreign group and then another in his avid quest for power. The rebels have recently moved from South Vietnam, where they led a precarious jungle existence, to the relative security of Thailand, but continue their daily insults and threats through radio broadcasts beamed into Cambodia by a powerful transmitter. Son Ngoc Thanh and his followers are detested by the vast majority of Cambodians as traitors to the nation and have no following whatsoever inside the country. The Americans disclaimed any knowledge of the rebels or their activities, but recent disclosures have shown they were actively supported by Diem. It is also interesting that *U.S. News & World Report,* in a late December issue, claimed that some of the rebels bear American arms. If that is true, the Cambodians are justified in thinking our dealings with them were cynical.

(*3*) Perhaps the major reason for the break was the harmful nature of what Prince Sihanouk calls "commercialized aid." Under the counterpart fund system, merchants could apply for dollars to import certain articles necessary for the industrialization of the country. The importer then reimbursed the Aid Mission in local money at the official rate of 35 *riels* to the dollar. Since the free-market value of the *riel* was about 70 to the dollar, the importers were in effect, obtaining supposedly essential machinery at half the cost and, at the same time, were sparing the state its reserves in hard currency. It is easy to see how this system led to corruption, intrigue and jealousy.

Prince Sihanouk cites the case of a Chinese who asked for dollars to import machines for the manufacture of matches. When the cases containing the supposedly new machinery arrived, they proved to be full of nothing but scrap iron. Instead of demanding reimbursement from the importer, the Americans insisted that the royal government make good the loss. The Cambodian Government then asked that it be allowed to import items of this nature in the future to avoid a recurrence. Their request was met by a categorical refusal since the American aid officials maintained that this would constitute aid to a state enterprise (socialism!) which they could not sanction.

More than ever, the Cambodians became convinced that the Americans gave their aid chiefly to create a "clientele" devoted to them and to the capitalist system. There was but one answer according to Sihanouk: "If we wanted to avoid the fate of countries like Thailand, South Vietnam and Laos, prisoners of a suffocating aid: cut off this aid."

On the other side, Chinese aid has been extended in such a fashion as to flatter the Cambodian national pride at the same time that it makes definite, and clearly visible, contributions to the welfare of the people, by providing

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jobs. Chinese aid has gone largely to establish state-owned industries, a necessity in a country like Cambodia where private capital is scarce. A textile factory at Kompong Cham, a cement factory at Chakrey Ting, a plywood factory at Dey Eth—all are calculated to advance substantially the industrialization of the country. Being able to manufacture these basic articles at home has the added advantage of allowing Cambodia to save the hard currency it had previously been forced to pay to import them.

With all this obvious friendship for China, what of the internal situation of the country? Is there a prospering and influential Communist party?

In 1955, Sihanouk, seeing the chaos created by the proliferation of political parties, abdicated the throne and founded the Sangkum Reastr Niyum (Popular Socialist Community) which he described as a "movement" and not a party. Cambodians from the whole political spectrum were invited to join this national union to work more efficiently for the development of the country. The only party refusing to join was the pro-Communist Pracheachon which was soundly defeated in the nation-wide elections of September, 1955, and has never been able to elect a deputy to the National Assembly. While the party is still legal in Cambodia its influence is negligible. In fact, Sihanouk seems to be practicing, with a great deal of success, the policy of support to the Communists, externally, while keeping the home-grown variety on a close tether. While I was in Cambodia in 1962, one of the leaders of the Pracheachon, Non Suon, was arrested with twelve other Communists. The Cambodians claimed to have found on them documents incriminating them in a plot against the state.

Prince Sihanouk has, for all intents and purposes, cut the ground from under the Communists' feet by initiating sweeping administrative and financial reforms himself. As there has never been a problem of absentee landlordism in underpopulated Cambodia, where anyone can have his "40 acres" for the asking, the peasant population remains firmly attached to the monarchial principle and to its Buddhist religion. The Prince's policy of absolute neutrality, peace and union in the country, and an economic system based on private as well as state participation, undoubtedly appeals to the vast majority of the population.

What will happen to Cambodian neutrality when, as Sihanouk is convinced, Vietnam is finally reunified under the Hanoi regime, and Cambodia finds itself, as the Prince says, "face to face with the worst kind of communism . . . Vietnamese," is difficult to say. It is, however, certain that Prince Sihanouk, believing that the United States must sooner or later withdraw from South Vietnam, is counting on the Chinese to use their influence to force the Vietnamese to respect Cambodian neutrality and territorial integrity. A calculated risk? Perhaps, but the Cambodians see no alternative.

PRIVATE ACTS & PUBLIC GOALS

THE IDEOLOGICAL VACUUM

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It has become increasingly fashionable to dispense with ideological considerations as we try to understand our own public policies. This is perhaps due less to the belief that with the attainment of a certain level of affluence all ideological conflict has been resolved than to a political "realism" which commands us to respect the intractable facts of economic, military and geopolitical life. Power, not ideology, is thought to be the effective key to action. American public policy is to be understood, not in terms of ideals which motivate it, but more "realistically" by appraising the elites competing for the power to govern and by the material resources they control.

I think it is possible to dispute the respectable notion that it is the American genius to be nonideological, that the all-illuminating terms of American history are irony, ambiguity and inconclusiveness. Beyond America's celebrated inconclusiveness, there remain some unexamined but by no means hidden certainties which bedevil us today. They are the calcified residues of the ideology of the Enlightenment—its stress on the rational pursuit of selfish interest, its faith in salvation through private gain. To identify them should sober and embarrass us. More than that, it should explain how the weaknesses of our contemporary political style generate an irresponsible romantic activism within our own society while depriving us of the opportunity to lead revolutionary movements abroad.

We have scarcely been articulate about the premises of our conduct. With characteristic vagueness we are committed to freedom, self-determination, individualism, opportunity, achievement and enterprise. If we want to see what these terms mean, however, we must turn to writers who had to defend them under pressure; that is, to the political thinkers of the Enlightenment. By reviewing the political theories of Hobbes, Locke, Adam Smith and Madison, we can in effect get a full view of our own thinking—or rather the thinking we might do if we felt ourselves under pressure. They derived their position from their beliefs about human nature. They knew man to be essentially selfish: he was considered to be self-aggrandizing, acquisitive and power striving. Yet on the other hand, he was endowed with reason: he was rational, calculating and cunning. Thus he was not only self-interested but could also take rational account of his interests, consider their consequences, and act prudently for his best advantage.

Hobbes put the case most clearly. He saw man as a crea-

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ture of his appetites, which nature drives him to satisfy. Nature will not freely yield everything we want. Nature is niggardly; the economy is one of scarcity. Within nature, men struggle with one another to survive. In a fine passage, Hobbes noted that in the state of nature everyone is at war with everyone else, and "there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain; and consequently no culture of the earth; no navigation . . . no account of time; no arts; no letters; no society and, which is worst of all, continual fear, and danger of violent death; and the life of man, solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." Fortunately, men use their reason to escape such anarchy. They can agree with one another to accept the authority of sovereign power. That is, according to Hobbes, men are sufficiently rational to permit some sovereign to uphold the peace, maintain order and thereby make life less nasty and more civil.

But before considering how Hobbes continues to guide us today, it is necessary briefly to turn to John Locke. Adding a democratic ingredient, Locke amended Hobbes's vision and made it palatable in a world in which the masses were beginning to crash into the political arena. Hobbes had come to the conclusion that men needed to be subjected to an authority of virtually unlimited power; he stressed the need for the absolute, irrevocable power of civil government. Locke made this authority revocable, dependent on the free consent of the governed.

Locke could trust the people because he believed that individuals would use their reason not only to calculate their own best interests (as Hobbes had insisted) but also to reflect on what is morally right. They would consider the moral law of nature, consult their consciences, and then act accordingly.

Thus, the thinkers of the Enlightenment were not fundamentally worried about permitting men to pursue their own interests; they could simply plead for freedom. In fact, they argued for the destruction of all political, economic and religious monopolies, against all establishments, and were not concerned about the consequences of social dynamism. Locke, Smith (who applied this doctrine to economic life), and Madison (who applied it to the New World)—none of these worried about the consequences of private ambition. None felt that the passionate pursuit of private interest would lead to Hobbes's state of nature. None feared that the selfish pursuit of private interest would destroy the public interest, the general welfare, the common good. In their minds, there was no need for anyone to be directly concerned with justice, with the public interest. Such concern was dispensable because they assumed (*1*) that in these areas man can do only so much anyway—given the hostility of nature and man's limited capacity to control the elements; (*2*) that within the limited sphere they occupy, men will behave reasonably enough, governed by what Locke called "right reason"; and (*3*) that while men would be kept in their place in private life by nature and their consciences, in public life—in the economy and in the polity—it was possible to establish a constitutional system to prevent individuals from becoming overbearing and tyrannical.

Private life would take care of itself. And a constitutional system of checks and balances would take care of public life. If you but pursued your own interests, the public interest would ineluctably be produced. And the community's welfare would be attended to not by men individually but by the constitutional system. No one would have to exercise positive, coercive power to achieve the public interest. It would be sufficient for government to restrain ambitious men.

It is not faint praise to note that these ideas have served above all to free the private sector, to make our economic life dynamic and entrepreneurial—whatever the social costs. Subscribing to the creed of individualism and inspired by the myth of Horatio Alger, we esteem the self-made man. By making the best of ourselves—working on ourselves, improving ourselves—we assume that all will come out well in the end for everyone.

This view has made us venturesome and enterprising. It liberated energies and provided us with our spirit of optimism. Progress is inevitable, if not for this generation then for the next. We *can* succeed, and there is no honorable substitute for victory. By being duly energetic, by truly committing our resources (in school, in business, in Cuba, in the Dominican Republic, in Vietnam), we are bound to make it. It may take the Marines, the FBI, or some well-accredited group of experts (like the College Board or the AMA)—but the Great Society can be instituted sooner or later, here and abroad.

My observations may not describe our behavior, but I think they do justice to our rhetoric. Certainly they help explain why so many visitors from abroad (and so many Americans visiting abroad) find our ideology embarrassing. Again and again, an honest look at the facts puts our beliefs in jeopardy. Because so much in our economic and political experience simply is not comprehended by our ideology, it appears irrelevant and empty.

Though we rarely find the words to say so, we know to what extent our ideological assumptions have been collapsed by the facts. The notion that nature limits our span of control has been made obsolete by technological developments. In the sphere we still call private, technology has empowered us to consolidate what rivers, mountains and deserts once kept apart. We may still speak of the free individual making his own way under the open sky. But the fact is that it is simply not economical to remain individualistic and competitive. Nature, in any case, no longer poses barriers to consolidation, to men scheming and cooperating. For good or ill, nature is at our command.

Those who expressed our ideology in the 18th century might not be concerned about this state of affairs if only a second ingredient of our ideology remained in touch with experience. That notion was that if you left men alone, free from social and governmental restraints, they would be guided by their consciences, by right reason—perhaps aided by such private associations as family, school and church. Private sanctions would keep us virtuous and upright and civil. They would make us charitable, solicitous for the community, the common good, for one another.

I needn't labor the point that the moral law called on to govern private conduct has lost its authority, along with the institutions that were supposed to uphold it. There are few effective institutions concerned with the public consequences of private action. As we pursue our private ambitions in a market economy, we are not directed to achieve public

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goals. Reluctant even to insist on seat belts, we make no effort to control our technology. Beyond seeking to provide "decent" housing, medical care and schooling, we do not inquire what public ends are to be served by our growing economy. As Reece McGee has recently pointed out in these pages ["Welfare in Affluence: The Mirage of Rationalism," February 14], our public criteria are purely quantitative. The only depression we recognize as real is economic. We want growth, development, progress, material wealth—but we do not specify what for.

Nor may public goals be provided by government. Our ideology dictates that government be frustrated, its power divided geographically and separated functionally. Public government is to be checked and balanced, kept feeble lest it become tyrannical. It was Madison who rationalized our elaborate political system—one which was to guarantee that no majority could ever act in unison to fulfill ideals transcending the lowest common denominator of group interests. Thus we were to be kept from doing anything good for fear we might do evil.

In the private sector, man had the opportunity to make something of himself—lead a richer, more abundant life. In the public sector, he was to be inhibited. One could never trust him to exercise public power: he might become a passionate idealist and get carried away.

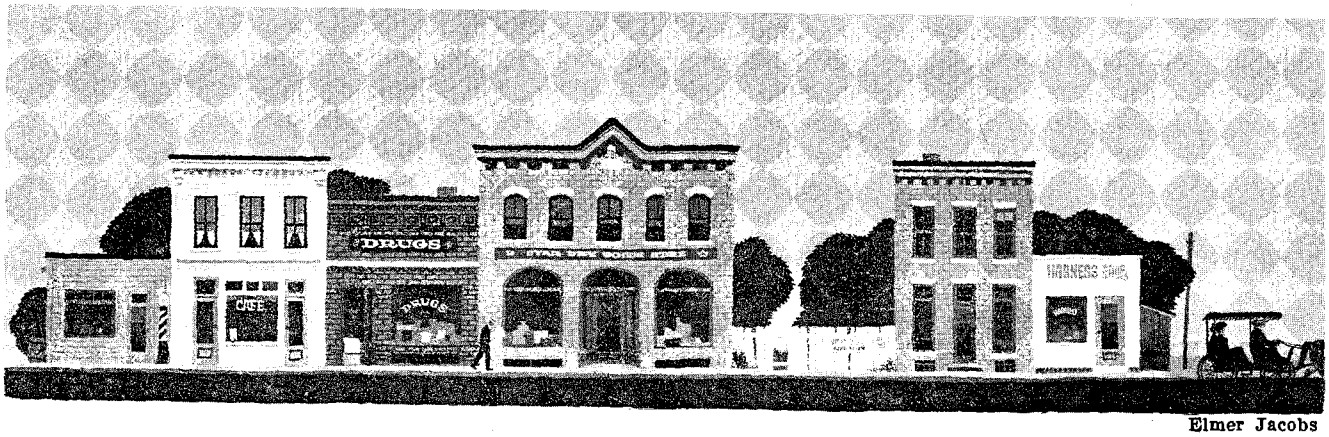
Here, too, the facts have collapsed our ideology. The gates to an irresponsible activism, in or out of government, were opened long ago. We have permitted a welter of groups to pursue interests that were anything but private, without subjecting them to political checks. Our governmental system (private government more so than public government) has become consolidated. Changes in the party system and in Presidential nominating politics reveal the rise of majoritarian rule. We properly speak of a consensus and a mandate; we roll back copper prices and escalate commitments in the name of public opinion. And even though our so-called private corporations, unions and professional groups appreciate profits and wealth, they are not altogether insensitive to public needs. Not all so-called private conduct can be explained as an effort to remain competitive.

Because the prevailing intellectual model for coming to terms with our world is no longer tenable, we are the victims of forces we cannot control. The point can perhaps be illustrated by an analogy. Boyle's Law of Gases is based on their molecular nature, and affirms (in part) that any gas will fill uniformly whatever space may be available to it, exerting uniform pressure in every direction. An increase in temperature will cause this pressure to rise in a uniform manner in every direction. The situation is stable and vectorless. The assumption, of course, is that the size and mass of the individual molecules is so small that for all practical purposes the gas may be considered a continuum. Now, the political model of 18th-century liberalism may be seen to apply to humanity in the same way Boyle's Law applies to a gas. Humanity is seen as an aggregation of individual molecules whose aggressive pressures, expressed as discrete individual forces, are so small and diffuse as to effectively cancel one another out. The whole is in a stable state. But the moment large-scale organizations and mass media emerge, something undreamed of in the 18th century happens: the body politic loses its molecular structure. As vectors are introduced and as connections are made, the old model ceases to be applicable. The bombardment of the larger units against one another and the container's walls produces shocks and patterns with which the old model fails to cope.

If the available ideology fails to cover the facts, if much in our experience remains unexplained and uncontrolled by our basic assumptions, it is no wonder that we cannot act with composure in the face of crisis. We find it hard to respond to emergencies with the maturity of a nation that knows its power, and commits it in proportion to the need that calls for its exercise. We ignore technological, medical and social developments until they become critical—and then overrespond. Ours is a policy-making cycle of paralysis, drift and spasm.

One result of this, aside from the opportunities it provides for the most grasping elements within the society, is the rise in credibility of ideologies that move in to fill the gap. Ideologies that do not seek to foster diverse interests but instead celebrate some unified community become attractive, whether we like all of their components or not. Where liberalism has no relevant community theory, no theory of the public interest, ideologies departing from liberalism supply the need. They fill an emotional vacuum, providing for the establishment of social ties by taking account of our yearning for something more than egoism in public life. They acknowledge man to be something more than a calculating, selfish creature who enters politics merely because it is prudent, who is public-spirited merely because it is tax deductible and image building.

It is precisely under the banners of totalitarian ideologies —under the labels of fraternity, brotherhood, community,



Elmer Jacobs

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solidarity, consensus, patriotism and nationalism—that individuals can be mobilized both abroad and at home. Domestically, there is little reason at this time to be concerned about the romantic activism engendered by our irrelevant ideology and our truncated public policies. I doubt that the radical movements which have reacted against the petty greed of an acquisitive society pose a threat to our constitutional order in the absence of basic dislocations, such as those brought on by war or depression.

But there is reason to be concerned where people are in fact in a state of war or depression, where they are dispossessed, desperate and resentful. It is not impossible even in Chicago, Watts or Birmingham to enlist masses of people in movements that promise relief and have the resources to deliver. Under conditions of war and depression, such movements are likely to be more ruthless and thoroughgoing than those we are familiar with at home. When all is said and done, the members of the Klan are not French paratroopers dislodged from Algeria, men of resentment who conspired to assassinate—not impeach—de Gaulle. Students at Berkeley can scarcely be confused with those at the University of Indonesia. Both the Black Muslims and the John Birchers present tamer challenges than the one-party states of Africa or Southeast Asia.

Still, we have learned what sacrifices in general education, leisure, money and blood men will make in behalf of their ideals. Despite our liberal ideology we know that men crave public recognition for their projects; they are prepared to live not only for themselves but for some higher goal, whether it be for the logic of history, the victory of the proletariat, the purity of the race, or the grandeur of the nation. Men would seem to be capable of more selfless action than Locke or Smith or Madison ever contemplated. And there is no question that the collectivist movements of this century have successfully made the most of this very capacity.

To remain viable, our ideology must accommodate a greater range of experience than it now recognizes. At the moment, it serves merely to constrain and confuse. Hostile to fraternity and idealism, it fails to comprehend revolutionary movements from South America to Southeast Asia, movements prepared to use what power they have to implement their ideals. Guided by Locke, Smith and Madison, we find it intellectually impossible to acknowledge the validity of impulses expressing dissatisfaction with a merely private existence. We cannot give moral credit to the idealism which drives men to discover such enemies as the liberal establishment, the publishers of pornography, the friends of fluoridation, the rulers of Red China. To be sure, these are mistaken identities: worthier enemies abound. Yet these very stirrings give intimations of what our ideology represses: our capacity for self-fulfilling collective action. What Senator Goldwater told Americans in a disorganized way, what civil rights leaders have not found time to express, and what the Peace Corps vaguely symbolizes, revolutionary movements abroad communicate with unmistakable clarity. If it would explicitly recognize the validity of their grievances—especially their stifled cry that they are denied opportunities for political participation—our ideology could hardly fail to become more comprehensive, to accept a less restrictive view of human nature, and to initiate a more generous attitude toward public policies.

NEVADA: THE ROTTEN BOROUGH

GILMAN M. OSTRANDER

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The Supreme Court, with its one-man-one-vote criterion of democratic practice, has declared it unconstitutional for state governments to be based upon any principle other than proportional representation. However, the United States Senate still operates on a very different principle. It is what it is because that was what delegates from small-population states insisted upon in 1787. With the passing of time, the "monstrosity," as John Adams called the Senate, has come to be accepted, along with the rest of the Constitution, as a product of the wisdom of the founding fathers. Also, with the passing of time, the Senate has become even more monstrous than it was originally. Today, for instance, about the same number of people live in the single county of Los Angeles as live in New Mexico, Utah, Idaho, Wyoming, Montana and both Dakotas, with between four and five Nevadas thrown in to make up the difference.

Nothing is apt to be done about this situation, for, as the Declaration of Independence pointed out, "mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed." Therefore, since the system will probably continue, it is worth something to know how it has been operating.

Through most of its history, Nevada has been the least populated state of the nation, and the use it has made of its power in the Senate illustrates the small-state political action which the Constitution encourages.

Nevada's first Senator was William M. Stewart, the leading lawyer on the Comstock Lode for the principal Comstock mining companies, which were incorporated in San Francisco. Nevada had won statehood in 1864, during a period of ruinous litigation among the mining companies, and also at a time when the claims of all of them were entirely unsupported by federal law. According to the state's first attorney general, "Nevada became a state to escape the dead-fall of her Territorial courts." An equally pressing reason was to get passed in Congress a law validating the local miners' regulations, upon which the claims of the mining companies were based.

Stewart had to work fast when he got to Washington,

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for the House of Representatives was already considering a bill to authorize sale of public lands, including those lands with minerals. He failed in his first attempt, when he tried to add provisions concerning mining land titles to the bill providing for a district and circuit court for the federal district of Nevada. He failed a second time, when a companion bill in the House of Representatives went to the hostile Committee on Public Lands, rather than to the favorably disposed Committee on Mines. His third attempt was successful, when his bill was attached to one dealing with the digging of ditches. Passed without amendment as "An Act granting the right of way to ditch and canal owners through the public lands, and for other purposes," that act was thereafter referred to as the Mining Law of 1866.

Subject to "the local customs or rules of miners in the several mining districts," the locator was given possessory rights to his claim, "together with the right to follow said vein or lode with its dips, angles, and variations to any depth, although it may enter the land adjoining." That was the provision the mining companies wanted, for it was the basis on which the miners' regulations were set up, and their claims were based upon it.

As the *Alta California* pointed out, "No system could well be worse than that of local resolutions adopted by miners' meetings." Consequently, no system could well have been worse than the Mining Law of 1866, which has, according to an editorial some years later in the *Mining and Scientific Press*, "corrupted and debauched lawyers, judges, jurors and legislators, has sent thousands to suicides' graves, has wreaked ruin on thousands of others, and has deterred millions of willing dollars from mining investment." This list of disastrous consequences, rising in crescendo through corruption and suicide to actual loss of potential investments, is marred by hyperbole. Yet it is a statement by the leading journal of the industry.

Stewart stepped down from the Senate in 1875 to make room for William Sharon, the original Comstock agent of the Bank of California, and one of the richest men in the West. For the next twelve years, Stewart worked as a lawyer for the Central Pacific and Southern Pacific Railroads. Then he returned to Nevada in 1886, in time to run for Senator in the coming election. Collis P. Huntington of the C.P. and the S.P. Railroads went to Nevada to help personally with the campaign, and Stewart was launched on a second Senatorial career, which lasted until 1905. By then, the railroads were no longer interested in controlling Nevada's Senators, and Stewart was forced out.

But in 1886, the Central Pacific had been desperately concerned about Nevada's Senators, because year by year it was slipping deeper in debt to the federal government, and that amid a storm of anti-railroad sentiment which expressed itself a year later in the Interstate Commerce Act. Stewart supported the interests of the railroad loyally, and by the time he was forced from office the crisis was past.

In addition to supporting Huntington, Stewart was active in the cause of silver during his second career in the Senate, but no legislation resulted. The Mining Law of 1866 remained his one major contribution. He, himself, looking back over a long political career, saw as his crowning achievement the fashioning of an enduring national statute which—however it may otherwise have affected the nation—placed the Comstock mines on the right side of the law.

Stewart's original colleague in the Senate had been the former territorial governor, James Nye, who had supported the interests of Central Pacific Railroad but who was no match, in 1872-73, for John Percival Jones, one of the first of the Nevada silver kings. Jones had been active in California politics before coming to the Comstock, and as soon as he struck it rich in Nevada, he made his play for the Senate. The Bank of California's William Sharon wanted the office in the same year, but he decided to withdraw and bide his time until 1874-75, and Jones won, at an estimated cost to himself of half a million dollars.

Until the Seventeenth Amendment provided for direct election of Senators in 1913, being elected Senator of Nevada involved paying voters to elect the right legislators and then, the next spring, paying the legislators to make sure they voted for the right man. Jones was popular in the state, but as one political manager put it, "coin counts with the Irish and Cornish miners and nothing else."

It turned out that, once in office, Jones was able to stay there for thirty years, without having to resort to such expensive election tactics again. He worked conscientiously for the silver interests and also for the C.P. Railroad. William Sharon, for whom Stewart stepped aside in 1874-75, did not even go to Washington during his first year in office. Then, after attending one session, he returned to California and remained there for the next two and a half years.

In James G. Fair, the Democrats found a man who was willing to outbribe Sharon to win. Fair didn't care much about politics. He later commented: "I hardly knew which party I belonged to—I never did tell them which I belonged to." But the Democrats worked on his ego and he went into the contest heart, soul and wallet.

That great campaign of 1880-81 was never equaled for the prodigality of the "sack bearers," as the ubiquitous bribe distributors were called. The two candidates were not only among the richest men the lode had produced; they were also among the most hated. The price of votes rose to $80 a head, which represented more than three weeks' wages for the miners. (Voting was by open ballot.)

The legislature went Democratic, only to be bribed by a rival of Fair, Adolph Sutro, to the extent of an estimated $250,000. However, the legislators insisted that, along with the money, Sutro provide moral grounds of a gravity sufficient to release them honorably from their obligations to Fair. Plans to establish this went awry, and Fair was elected. Later, when asked by a newspaper man how much he thought it had cost Leland Stanford to win his California seat in the Senate, Fair replied, "Well, I can judge of that only by my own experience. From what it cost me in Nevada, I should say it must have cost Stanford not less than a million."

Fair spent more time in Washington than had Sharon, and he answered his mail; but he made no attempt to participate in the governing of the nation. He achieved fleeting notoriety for paying $250 for some nightshirts. Otherwise all was silence. Then, in 1886-87, he came up against the returning Stewart and Central Pacific and lost.

Senator Jones's retirement to Southern California in 1903 opened the way for a kind of Senatorial career which

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was brand new to Nevada. William Sharon's son-in-law, Francis G. Newlands, had moved to Reno in 1888 for political purposes, and had already served with distinction for four terms in the House of Representatives as Nevada's lone member when the opportunity for the Senate came up. Newlands was using Nevada as a rotten borough (a term that had early attached itself to Nevada politics) in the best English tradition. Just as, in the 18th century, Old Sarum had sent the William Pitts, father and son, into Parliament and into history, so Newlands used the narrow base of Nevada to support him in a career of broadly national statesmanship.

Newlands spent money generously to win four elections to the House and two to the Senate. Then, by the time of his third campaign for the Senate in 1914, the Seventeenth Amendment was passed, and the direct election of Senators by secret ballot went into practice. Newlands was still expected to foot a large part of the bill for the Democratic Party in the state but, with a long and distinguished Congressional career behind him, he refused to do so. He told his political lieutenant, Will Sharon, that he had earned reelection and would suffer defeat rather than feed those hungry wolves any longer. He won by thirty-eight votes.

Newlands is chiefly remembered for the Newlands Reclamation Act of 1902, which provided for federally financed irrigation projects in the arid regions of the West. Though a Democrat, in the area of conservation he remained the strongest ally in the national legislature of the Republican President Roosevelt. Furthermore, he interested himself in almost all major aspects of legislation, and at least two important measures of the Wilson administration should probably be credited mainly to him, as chairman of the Interstate Commerce Committee: the Federal Trade Act and the Transportation Act of 1920.

A brilliant, independent and reasonable man, Newlands envisioned an American democracy operating through politically disinterested agencies of experts, such as the Interstate Commerce Commission; they were to be held in check by Congress but, within that democratic limitation, able to initiate policies on their own authority. Newlands has been generally ignored by historians of the Progressive period, except for his efforts on behalf of conservation; yet he was perhaps the single most important advocate in the Democratic Party for the comprehensive transition from the New Freedom of the early Wilson to the New Deal of FDR.

Compared with other Nevada Senators, Newlands appears to have troubled himself very little about personal requests from his constituents; yet, despite his absorption with national affairs, he did far more for Nevada than had any of his predecessors.

Gold and silver strikes at Tonopah and Goldfield at the turn of the century had brought new economic life to the state, and for more than a generation, all the leading politicians of the state were men from Tonopah, including George Nixon, Key Pittman and Pat McCarran. Nixon made his millions in Goldfield, but he had already been highly successful on a smaller scale in Winnemucca, after a fashion familiar to all lovers of Western drama. According to the district attorney of Winnemucca, writing in 1899:

> Mr. Nixon is a cashier in a bank, a stock man, runs a saloon and hotel, has gone into the merchandise business, is an insurance agent, and sells stock, cattle, wool, etc., on a commission and monkeys with mines. . . .
>
> Nixon is foreman of the Grand Jury now in session. Victor Bouton stole fifty head of cattle and sold them to Thies. Thies knew they were stolen cattle yet he bought them and I have proof that Bouton rode Thies horses while doing the stealing. . . . Yet when it comes to indicting Mr. Thies who is a director of the First National Bank we meet the opposition of Mr. Nixon who naturally desires to protect his friend.

A close political associate of Newlands, Nixon deferred to Newlands' Senatorial ambitions in 1902-03, and then moved into the U. S. Senate himself when Stewart retired in 1905. Re-elected in 1910-11, he died in 1912, having served with that absolute lack of distinction which was normal for Nevada Senators.

Tough as he was, Nixon ran scared in the campaign of 1910-11 against the wildest man whom Nevada ever raised to political eminence. Key Pittman, who established himself as the leading lawyer of the Tonopah region in the first years of the century, was a capable lawyer and also a violent drunkard with homicidal tendencies. He wrote his wife that when he was drunk, he "longed to murder, kill and howle with delight at the sound of death dealing instruments and the sight of human blood." While serving as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, he would go on sustained binges in Washington, and when he was refused service in bars and restaurants he would whip out a six-shooter and threaten to blast away at the place. He had a liquor cabinet installed in the committee chamber, and during his final years in office was apparently rarely, if ever, entirely sober.

Pittman won his seat in the Senate in 1912-13, following the death of Nixon, and thereafter, during five successive elections, he was unbeatable. Nevadans appeared to take pride in Pittman's wild Western ways, and he worked hard for his few constituents and for the state's one main political cause of silver. In 1918, President Wilson asked him to sponsor a bill authorizing the sale of huge amounts of silver to England, requested by the British for their increased wartime trade with India. Back in Nevada, that Pittman Act made "Silver Key" his reputation for life.

In 1916, Pittman had taken a position on the Senate Foreign Relations Committee because, as he explained, he thought being on some big committee would impress the Nevada voters. Seniority did the rest for him, and in 1933 he became chairman. Amid the Spanish Civil War, Ethiopia, the Japanese war on China, *Anschluss*, Munich, Poland and the outbreak of World War II, Pittman, holding the third most important post in American foreign relations, persisted in viewing American foreign policy primarily as an aspect of the silver question. In 1933, when he attended the London Economic Conference, he did so, as he wrote to a friend, in order to "do something for silver," and he was thoroughly successful. In a purported effort to achieve price stability, purchasing agreements were drawn up by eight nations, seven of them promising to follow the policies they were currently following, and the United States promising to purchase 24 million ounces of silver—or somewhat more than the total current domestic production—annually. In America, the agreement was hailed as a milestone in inter-

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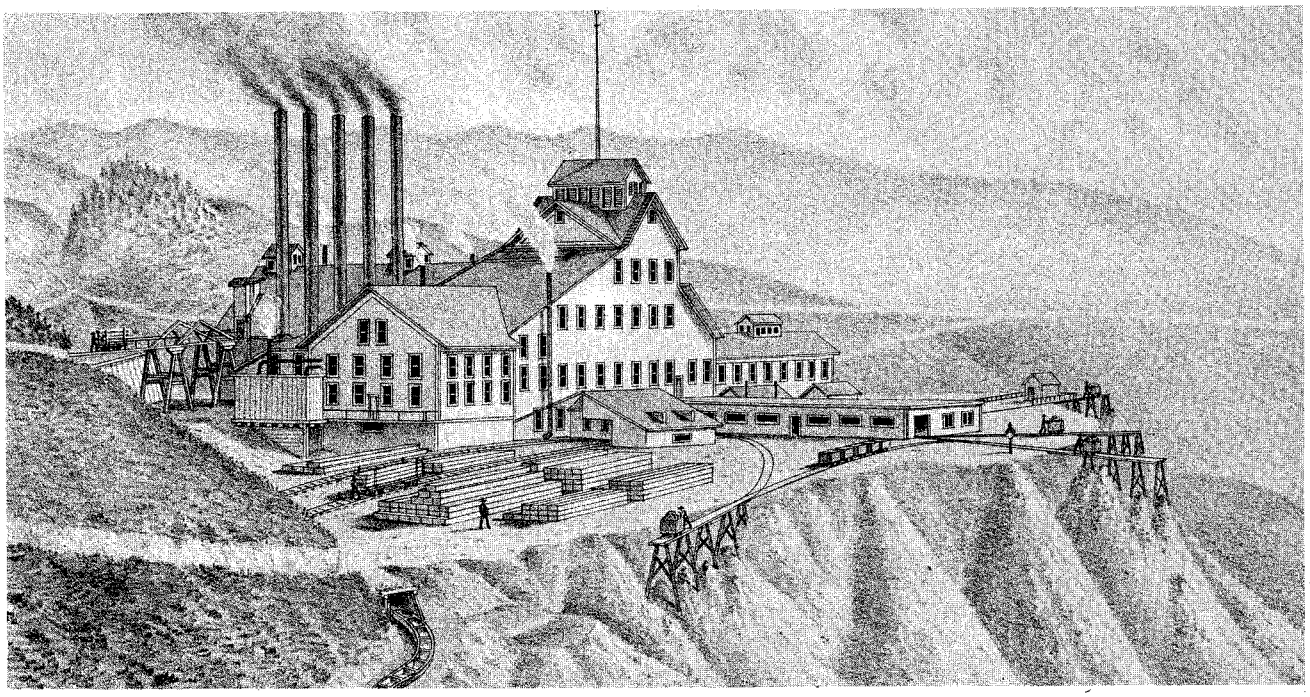

The Yellow Jacket Silver Mine, Gold Hill, Nev.

national cooperation. Pittman was also chiefly responsible for the Silver Purchase Act of 1934, which served no clear monetary purpose for the nation but which was pleasing to Rocky Mountain Senators.

Pittman had his final opportunity to do something for silver in 1939. With war in Europe looming, Roosevelt wanted immediate repeal of the mandatory arms-embargo provision of the existing legislation on neutrality. The price of silver had recently been lowered, and Pittman demanded that it be raised again. According to Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau, Roosevelt asked Pittman whether he would withhold his support from the administration's measure if the price of silver was not raised, and Pittman replied: "We have got eighteen votes—and what are you going to do about it?" Roosevelt raised the price of silver to 71c an ounce, and Pittman defended the administration's measure on the Senate floor.

Pittman's colleague, Pat McCarran, after repeated, futile lunges for the Senate, had been swept into office on FDR's coattails in 1932 with the slogan, "A New Deal for America: Roosevelt, Garner, and McCarran." He had trailed embarrassingly far behind the other two men on the team, but he got to Washington ahead of most of his fellow Senators-elect, and gained for himself seats on the Judiciary Committee and the Appropriations Committee.

He survived Pittman, who hated him as a "double crosser" and who had once vowed that he would fight McCarran "now as well as for every nomination that he ever seeks." With Pittman dead, McCarran faced Pittman's brother, Vail, in the Democratic primaries in 1944 and won in an election which he called "the nastiest I have ever seen in this section of the country." Thereafter, McCarran's control over Nevada became almost absolute, and with the election of 1948 and the Democratic capture of Congress, he entered his days of glory.

In 1949, McCarran became chairman of the Committee on the Judiciary, chairman of the State Department subcommittee of the Committee on Appropriations, chairman of the watchdog committee on foreign aid, and chairman of the Senate Internal Security Committee. At the same time, he held positions on committees concerned with irrigation, silver, reclamation, wildlife and the like, and he kept his hand in on all of them.

During the war, following Pittman's death, McCarran had taken over leadership of the silver cause, fighting the efforts of Morgenthau to lend all of the government's silver stocks to the Defense Plant Corporation for nonconsumer uses. He had lost this fight and into the bargain had been charged with unpatriotic conduct by the press. Once in command of his committees in 1949, however, he set out to create monuments to his patriotism. The results of his endeavors were the Subversive Activities Control Act and the McCarran-Walters Immigration Act.

The Subversive Activities Control Act worked out badly in unexpected ways and had to be changed, but the McCarran Act earned for its author some immortality. Its main idea was to keep America, so far as possible, Anglo-Saxon, Teutonic and Celtic. To achieve this goal, McCarran's bill went beyond retaining the national quota system of the 1924 immigration law by rejecting the pooling system whereby southern and eastern Europeans and others had been able to take advantage of the unused quotas of the British Isles and Germany. The measure was passed 2 to 1 over Truman's veto in 1952. McCarran died in 1954.

Neither his like nor that of Newlands has since emerged from Nevada. McCarran was followed in office by his protégé, Alan Bible. In 1959, Bible was joined by Howard Cannon, and there they sit today. They have not done much of anything, those two Senators of the Sagebrush State. They have not had to and, since they occupy 2 per cent of the Senate's seats, but represent only one-fiftieth of 1 per cent of the nation's people, it is perhaps the most decent course for them to pursue in a democracy.

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THE POLITICS OF SMUT

CALIFORNIA'S DIRTY BOOK CAPER

WILLIAM WINGFIELD
Mr. Wingfield is a California free-lance writer whose special field of interest is communications.

Los Angeles

One almost has to admire the tenacity of some members of the extreme Right.

Despite setbacks that would stun persons of more orthodox persuasion, they never retire from the fight against their favorite devils: the United Nations, mental health, civil rights, fluoridation, cultural exchanges—and "dirty" books. In California today, they are back on their feet again, as strong and bullying as if Goldwater had never been defeated, rousing the citizenry against alleged pornography.

California League Enlisting Action Now is a relatively meaningless title, but it has the virtue—surely not coincidental—that its initial letters spell CLEAN, which sounds like a detergent but is in reality the name of a group that is trying to ram through an initiative measure in California, presumably to outlaw smut. The CLEAN campaign brings out the old evangelical fervor that rightists always show when they get keyed up for a great cause. ("I've never found a cause more wonderful to support!" exclaimed one enthusiastic young woman in the rightist California Federation of Republican Women.)

Members of CLEAN and their allied groups, such as the Republican Women's Federation, are now valiantly crashing meetings of city councils, churches, service clubs and other organizations, up and down the state in search of support. They are getting it, too, because everyone is against pornography in the same way that everyone is against crime and ragweed.

The resolutions that city councils are now passing resemble the one adopted by the California Federation of Republican Women on February 2, 1966:

> The present California law on obscenity is so weak that it provides the smut publishers and peddlers with escape hatches and virtual immunity from prosecution. The evidence is overwhelming that the situation concerning obscenity and pornography has grown much worse in recent months. The legislature has failed to take action to improve the law in the General Sessions of 1963 and 1965, and district attorneys are not prosecuting obscenity cases now because the present law is inadequate to secure convictions.

These resolutions largely rehash an organizing and fund-raising letter sent out by California State Assemblyman E. Richard Barnes, founder of CLEAN. It said in part:

> In spite of the fact that you and thousands of your fellow citizens signed petitions urging legislative action, the California Legislature has utterly failed to come to grips with the critical problem of obscenity in this state. All corrective legislation in 1963 and 1965 was killed in committee. . . .
>
> Widespread appeals have been made to me to lead in a statewide initiative to place a corrective law on the ballot for adoption by the people in the 1966 general election. After much prayer and consideration, I have consented to lead such a campaign, and the task of drafting a proper, legally drawn ordinance is in the hands of a group of California attorneys. . . .

However, despite the enthusiasm of the smut chasers, despite their ability to enroll support from city councils and churches, despite the fact that hard-core pornography may be a very real problem (as anyone who has visited Main Street in Los Angeles or Mission and Mason Streets in San Francisco might agree), despite their assurances that their initiative is perfectly in accord with recent Supreme Court decisions, the spokesmen for CLEAN are singularly evasive and vague as to how their initiative is worded and what they hope it will achieve. I wrote Assemblyman Barnes, asking what he proposed and how the initiative fits in with the Supreme Court rulings; he failed to answer. Efforts to get similar information from other members of CLEAN and from allied groups such as the Republican Women's Federation, the United Republicans, the Young Republicans and the California Republican Assembly have been as futile.

The woman who had "never found a cause more wonderful to support" spat out: "I can't understand why the leftist press won't give us any publicity." She guessed that the "leftist press" would fight the initiative as it fought Goldwater. But she refused to divulge anything about the initiative itself.

Finally, I received a copy of it from the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office. Jack Alex, a Los Angeles County deputy district attorney, holds the national record for felony convictions, his number of successful prosecutions well surpassing that of Thomas E. Dewey. Alex has been personally concerned about the problem of smut and made it the major plank of his platform when he sought the Republican nomination to Congress two years ago. In his spare time, he gives lectures to churches and the PTA on the menace of pornography.

Yet Alex shudders to think what might result if the voters pass the CLEAN initiative. He points out that it would place all law enforcement at the whim of pressure groups. It would, he said, be an instrument of censorship reaching almost to the level of Orwellian thought control.

Some provisions of the proposed law come dangerously close to setting up kangaroo courts contrary to the Anglo-American legal principle of government by law and not by man. The initiative forbids a judge from dismissing a pornography case. It provides that a jury, which might be swayed by social pressure, rather than a judge skilled in jurisprudence, shall have full jurisdiction and authority, even to the point of determining fines and punishment. It also provides that if prosecuting attorneys feel that a case lacks sufficient grounds to be taken to court, then individuals may file a civil suit to compel the district attorney either to prosecute or be removed from office.

One of the more curious provisions of the initiative states that a person may be excused from prosecution if he possesses obscene material for "research" or "study." We are

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not told what would constitute research or study. Perhaps it would cover professors and students reading Henry Miller and D. H. Lawrence in college literature classes; more likely, it means Birchers and self-appointed members of CLEAN.

Deputy District Attorney William McGinley, adviser from the District Attorney's Office to the Los Angeles City and County Commission Against Indecent Literature, observed: "There were a lot of features we thought were very good. There were others we stated to the commission our frank opinion on the constitutionality of. The commission asked if CLEAN would make changes according to the recommendations of the District Attorney's Office. The representatives of CLEAN said they would not."

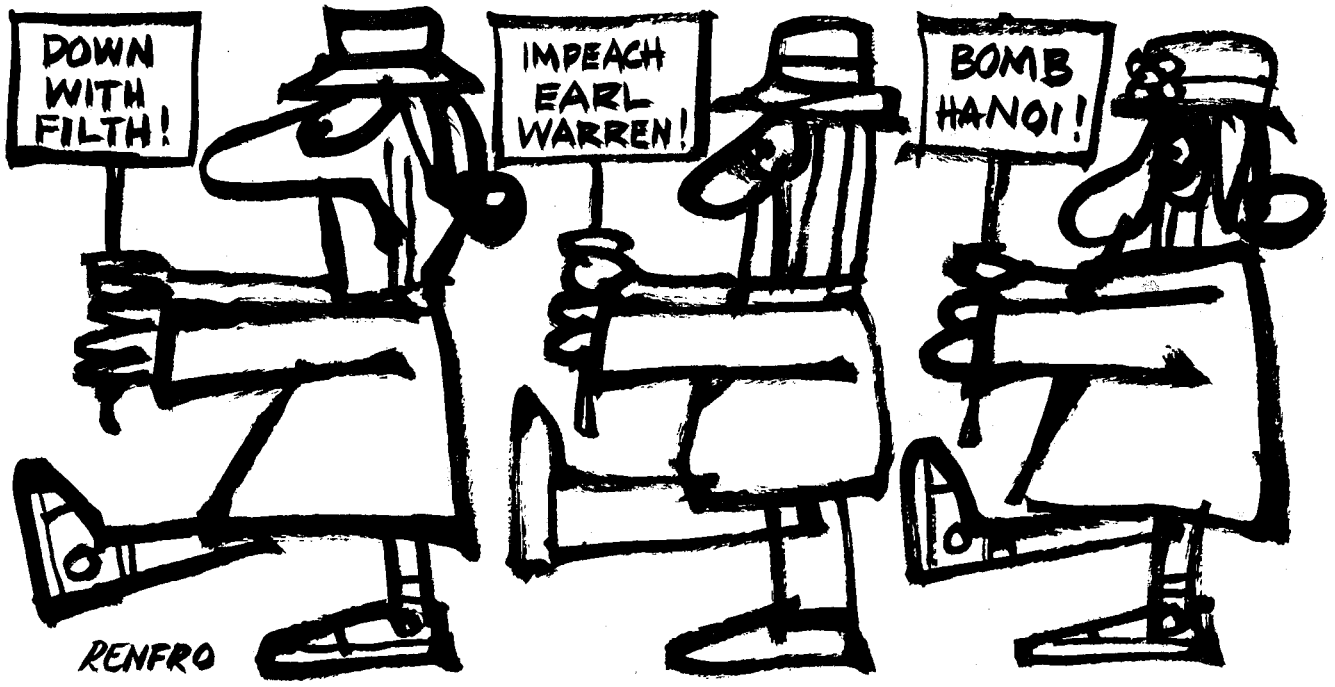
This statement is supported by Harry Wood, chief of the appellate section of the Los Angeles County District Attorney's Office: "We had hoped to support the initiative, but, to be objective, we have to oppose it. Parts of it are unconstitutional. They [CLEAN] take the view we are afraid of the U. S. Supreme Court. While we don't agree with the Supreme Court, we have to realize that the Supreme Court exists."

What frightens Wood, as a law-enforcement officer, is that Assemblyman Barnes's initiative would repeal all prior laws on the subject of pornography. Hence, even if sections of the initiative should be declared unconstitutional —assuming it is adopted—the effect would still be to repeal all existing legislation on the subject.

It is not often that the American Civil Liberties Union agrees with the District Attorney's Office, but the CLEAN initiative seems to have brought them into alliance. Dr. Eason Monroe, director of the Los Angeles office of the American Civil Liberties Union, stated: "We oppose anything that grants authority to the state on what can be read or printed. The CLEAN thing tries to get around the Supreme Court doctrine that to be obscene, something has to be without redeeming social or literary value."

The measure proposes to set aside Supreme Court rulings under the smoke screen of home rule and "community rights," Dr. Monroe said, and seeks to let vigilantes decide what people can read and write. "They don't want judges messing around in their direct control over what people can read."

Dr. Monroe sees the principle behind CLEAN's initiative as the same as that of the Francis Anti-Communist Constitutional Amendment four years ago. That amendment, defeated by California voters in the 1962 election, would have permitted self-appointed censors to exclude those people suspected of being Communist from speaking in public.



With a few exceptions, the names of the founders and state-wide advisory committee members of CLEAN read like a "Who's Who" of California's extreme Right.

Barnes, himself, is a retired Navy captain and was a Naval chaplain from 1941 to 1961. He is also a Methodist minister, and says he "prayed" before he accepted leadership of CLEAN. Barnes is listed in the Handbook of the California Legislature as the San Diego director of the Christian Anti-Communist Crusade in 1961-62, and a member of Republican Associates, the California Republican Assembly, and the United Republicans of California.

The California Republican Assembly was started decades ago by supporters of Chief Justice Earl Warren when he was the Republican leader of California, but in 1964 it was captured in a *coup d'état* by John Birchers and other right wingers. Today, sixteen members of its executive committee are admitted members of the John Birch Society.

Meanwhile, the United Republicans of California was formed in 1963 by members of the right wing who have been routed in their prior attempt to take over the California Republican Assembly. One of the founders, Joseph Shell, sought the Republican nomination for governor in 1962 on the ground that Richard M. Nixon was "soft on communism" and favored civil rights.

State Sen. Jack Schrade, another founder of CLEAN, re-

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ceived national attention when he tried to keep newspaper publisher Thomas W. Braden and Methodist Bishop Gerald Kennedy from being reappointed to the State Board of Education.

Schrade's violent and almost irrational attack on Braden was based on the publisher's criticism of Dr. Max Rafferty, the state's right-wing superintendent of public instruction. Bishop Kennedy earned Schrade's wrath by seeing nothing in the Bible to prevent the teaching of evolution.

Another founder of CLEAN is Loyd Wright, Sr., a former president of the American Bar Association, who was the ultraconservative candidate against incumbent Thomas Kuchel for U. S. Senator in 1962. Wright announced his candidacy only after the then Congressman, John H. Rousselot, decided not to run. Rousselot is now national public relations director of the John Birch Society. In late 1961, Wright spoke at the "Project Alert School of Anti-Communism" in Los Angeles. At this same school, one of the speakers shouted: "I don't want to impeach Earl Warren! I want to lynch Earl Warren!"

California Secretary of State Frank Jordan, another CLEAN founder, was one of Goldwater's delegates to the 1964 Republican National Convention.

On the state-wide advisory committee, State Sen. John G. Schmitz boasts that he holds the highest elective office in America of any member of the John Birch Society. He is also a member of the Young Americans for Freedom, and past chairman of the Orange County Coordinating Republican Assembly. The dashing young former Marine aviator says he thinks Ronald Reagan is too liberal and that he wants Los Angeles Police Chief William Parker (of Watts riot fame) for governor.

Anyone suggesting that President William Howard Taft was the "father of socialism" in America would probably be treated with derision in many parts of the nation. Yet that's what CLEAN advisory committee member Walter Knott said in effect in a speech in 1961 to the Covina, Calif., Chamber of Commerce. Knott is in a way the Walt Disney of the extreme right wing. He is founder and proprietor of Knott's Berry Farm in Buena Park, the main attraction of which is an old frontier village. It looks like a cross between Tombstone and Virginia City.

Along with the "ghost town" are many shops and restaurants featuring fried chicken. And across the highway from the Berry Farm proper stands a two-story frame house called the "Freedom Center," one of the many "patriotic" bookstores that proliferate across Southern California.

The "Freedom Center" has several whole rooms of rightist books, including one room with stacks of racist literature. Next to the "Freedom Center," Knott is now erecting a full-size replica of Independence Hall.

One of the big moneybags of the California right wing, Joe Crail, is also a CLEAN advisory committee member. Crail is founder of the mammoth Coast Federal Savings and Loan Association in Los Angeles. Copies of rightist tracts are given out at the Coast Federal Savings offices. Coast Federal also maintains the Free Enterprise Speakers Bureau, ready to present right-wing speakers to any club or organization in need of a program. Crail, himself, often hits the lecture trail along with Knott. Both Crail and Knott appear in the best-selling novel on California right wingers, *The Patriot,* by Harold Bienvenu.

One of the real powers of CLEAN is William Shearer, once Assemblyman Barnes's administrative assistant. Shearer, a nice-looking young chap, pleasant when he isn't orating, edits the *California Statesman.* Shearer ran for the California State Assembly from the Oceanside area in 1956 and 1958 before he turned to rightist journalism. He confided to Gerald J. Brown, then the managing editor of the Oceanside *Blade-Tribune,* that he intended to model his Assembly campaign after Senator McCarthy. In 1964, Shearer went up and down the state speaking for repeal of California's Rumford Fair Housing Act and prevention of similar civil rights legislation from ever again being passed in California.

James B. Utt, the very conservative Congressman from Orange and San Diego Counties, placed an article by Shearer defending the John Birch Society in the *Congressional Record* in 1961. Utt, defender of undertakers and Forest Lawn cemetery, is the same man who made the Orson Wellesian charge that the United Nations was training African troops in dear old Dixie.

Before he joined the CLEAN advisory committee, Los Angeles County Supervisor Warren Dorn proposed his own initiative to amend the state constitution last year. The reforming supervisor maintained that his amendment would do away with smut by giving local city councils the power to determine what books could be sold in the community. Dorn, like CLEAN, seems to have felt that local city councils could be more readily coerced to ban books than could the state legislature.

The Dorn initiative was ostensibly the outgrowth of the famous Carol Lane case, wherein the California Supreme Court overturned the conviction of an alleged prostitute arrested under city ordinance on the grounds that state law took precedence and pre-empted the field of law enforcement. Supervisor Dorn and his colleagues claimed that this decision opened the whole state to vice and pornography, though Coleman Blease, legislative counsel for the ACLU, pointed out that Miss Lane was subsequently convicted under state law and sentenced to fifteen months in jail.

Not long ago, Dorn became inspired by attending an encampment of Moral Rearmament. After his return, the Moral Rearmament choir came to sing to the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors. Supervisor Dorn got up and sang along with them.

As Supervisor Dorn and his constitutional amendment show, censorship as well as intimidation of people holding views or expressing ideas the Right doesn't like is a long-standing drive of the right wing. Recently, a young San Diego schoolteacher, Mrs. Geri Turner Davis, won a contest for writing a play, *A Cat Called Jesus.* Two women in the San Diego Republican Women's Federation came across Mrs. Davis' achievement when they read the names of the winners in the local newspaper. They immediately blew bugles to rally the rightists against the young teacher.

If the title infuriated right wingers, the subject matter set them howling. The play is about a Negro prisoner who became the friend of his white jailer.

Mrs. Davis could hardly have foreseen the storm of abuse that broke on her head. Even though she never read

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the play to her class and wrote it solely as a hobby well outside of her duties as a teacher, she awoke to find an all-out blitz thundering against her. Even untruthfully charging her with "immorality," the rightists tried to get her fired and have her teaching credentials revoked.

Only a few months ago, the rightists were out in force when Negro author and television personality Louis Lomax tried to speak in El Monte, Calif.

One housewife who attended Lomax's talk recalls: "There was a lot of yelling in the back of the room. There were about twenty men there. There was a man in clerical garb with a big cross. There were hoots and shouts before the meeting started.

"There were young Birchers out front handing out anti-civil rights literature. A lot of slanderous things were yelled. You felt as though it was a pretty explosive situation."

Another housewife said: "When we approached the auditorium, women were handing out Birch propaganda such as 'Support Your Local Police.' The women refused to identify themselves and wouldn't admit being Birchers, but the literature said it was printed by the Birch Society.

"Then the Nazis marched in and chanted 'Jew-Nigger-Communist.' Both the Nazis and the Birchers were on hand. I don't feel it was coincidental."

Just as CLEAN is now going around to churches and city councils enrolling support, so the self-appointed censors have been going to city councils, library boards and school boards for the past four years trying to get books such as *The Last Temptation of Christ, Catcher in the Rye* and *Lord of the Flies* removed from library shelves.

In some cities, they have succeeded. In others, the library board members have been exceedingly bruised but have refused to give in.

The central target for the hate campaign in the past four years, the man picked as the personification of all the books the Right wants banned, "Mr. Dirty Book" himself, is Thomas W. Braden, president of the California State Board of Education, publisher of the Oceanside *Daily Blade-Tribune,* and now candidate for the Democratic nomination for lieutenant governor.

Braden acknowledges that he has been under attack because he won't agree that the anti-evolutionist State Superintendent of Public Instruction, Max Rafferty, is the fountainhead of all wisdom. If Rafferty, whose views are endorsed by Russell Kirk, high priest of conservatism, had his way, Braden believes, all textbooks would be "harmless as milk" and filled with the stories of such great patriots as "Fighting Joe" McCarthy.

When it was discovered that some high schools used the *Dictionary of American Slang* as a library reference book, Young Republicans went through the book and picked out every filthy word listed. They mimeographed the collection and sent the list to every person on their mailing list, with the suggestion that Braden endorsed these words. Braden says that when his daughter was in an Oceanside supermarket, someone handed her the Young Republican compendium.

The American Opinion bookstores filled their windows and shelves with copies of the *Dictionary of American Slang* so that all could study at first hand this shocking work of obscenity that Braden presumably wanted all teen-agers to read. Probably the tome had the greatest sale in its history through Birch bookstores. (Is this the sort of thing the CLEAN initiative seeks to prevent, or is it an example of "research" and "study"?)

Many of the people now working for CLEAN staffed Rafferty's campaign offices in 1962. These people and their antics haven't been slowed down in the slightest by Goldwater's Waterloo, nor is CLEAN the right wing's only current drive in California. It is also trying to elect handsome, platitudinous actor Ronald Reagan as governor of California, and Max Rafferty is up for re-election.

Meanwhile, Bill Richardson, writer for *American Opinion* magazine and author of Birch tracts, is running for the California State Senate to take his place along with Schrade and Schmitz.

A character in Greek mythology well symbolizes California's resurgent right; it is Antaeus, the giant who sprang up stronger each time he was struck to the ground. Hercules defeated Antaeus by holding him aloft so that he couldn't recharge his energy from the earth. Is there somewhere a statesman who will hold the rightists aloft for a while?

LETTERS *(continued from page 442)*

of a reserve call-up to refuse induction and submit to a military court-martial.

We love our country and her institutions. We would gladly serve in ways that did not include the taking of human life. We are willing . . . to be assigned to difficult but constructive work, such as the Peace Corps.

Conscientious objection is not an avenue open to us. In what appears a considerable abbreviation of due process, Selective Service has been automatically turning down all requests for "c.o." status from members of the armed forces.

However, soldiers have consciences too. Consequently we are preparing ourselves and our families for the likelihood of our being sent to jail in the near future. . . .

Richard Delgado (inactive)
Philip Hocking
(Hq. Bn. 14th Marines; Treasure Island, Calif.)

unfit for the road

Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR SIRS: I must point to a flagrant omission in your discussion of automobile safety ["Profits vs. Engineering: The Corvair Story" by Ralph Nader, *The Nation,* Nov. 1, 1965]. Indeed there may be justice in blaming both drivers and car manufacturers for the unsafe condition of our highways, but the laws of many of our states are also to blame. Ohio and California do not have laws requiring cars to be inspected. As a result, many used and new vehicles become unfit and remain on the road. Certainly this does not absolve the automobile manufacturers, but a further exploration of state laws might show them accountable for a "fair share" of the blame.

William D. Cabin
Editor, The Pitt News

aglow

New York City

DEAR SIRS: I'm a member of the New Dramatist's Committee, a group of middling, middle-aged playwrights.

I read Harold Clurman's review of *Slapstick Tragedy* in *The Nation* [Mar. 14] and thought it extraordinarily well written, compassionate and knowing: by far the best review written on *Slapstick.* So while I'm still aglow, I send out this note.

Arthur Pittman

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Writers Confer: Good Show at the Paramount

JOSE YGLESIAS
Mr. Yglesias is a novelist and essayist, and a translator of modern Spanish fiction.

In its heyday the Brooklyn Paramount was a first-run house, and played host to bands and singers after they had done their stint at its Manhattan namesake; it was an enormous, overdecorated talkie palace (complete with organ)—a good example, like others across the country, of our most enduring architecture of the depression. Long Island University took over the building some years ago and leveled the stage, removed the organ, scrapped about half the orchestra seats, and created a superb, before-the-curtain basketball court. There are still enough seats, however, to accommodate several hundred people, and most of them were taken for every public session of the university's first International Writers Conference held the last weekend in March. In the darkened theatre, basking in the silvery spotlights that once played on Martha Raye and Frank Sinatra, George Steiner, literary critic and Cambridge don, gave the keynote speech Friday morning on "Silence and the Poet," and although he did not manage to raise the kinds of cheers that once resounded in the Paramount, there were irritated echoes at every session to his proposition that silence can be the writer's supreme protest.

Opposition to this role for the writer was probably the only point of agreement among the writers at the conference, although some did mention that where oppressive regimes exist silence can be a sign of protest. Certainly there was no unanimity that the conference's overall title "Alienation or Commitment?" presented significant alternatives. For some, acceptance of alienation was implicit in their characterization of the modern world, and others eschewed it; but for most the notion of commitment for a writer was a trap, for it smacked to them of putting art into service as propaganda. Some forty writers participated and only one, F. M. Esfandiary (Iran), took the intransigent position, reminiscent of American writers of the thirties, that art must speak for the mass of people who suffer injustice, and that the Western position of independence and autonomy for art is a romantic one.

Norman Rosten, a poet and playwright whose memory is long, came close to Esfandiary's position, and he was to point out an unhighlighted feature of the conference that perhaps only Americans are sensitive to: that ten years ago a writers' conference with guests from Socialist countries, devoted to the subject of commitment, and with a panel discussion on "Revolutions and Revolutionaries in Literature" (the one in which he participated) would have aroused the interest of Congressional committees: the FBI would have had representatives taking notes, and the administration of the university would have been forced to clean house had they permitted it to take place. "Today," he added, "this is just another seminar."

I spoke to Profs. Martin Tucker and Robert Spector who organized the conference for the university's English Department, and it appears that none of these problems even brushed them. Once the university's administration approved the idea of a conference, it was handed over to them and a committee of the English Department; they decided on participants, subjects for discussion, and worked a year on getting it prepared, not even having to worry about a budget. "The State Department was most cooperative about visas too," Professor Tucker told me.

The East German Government was not, however, and most of the notice the conference received from newspapers was caused by its refusal to permit Günter Kunert and Manfred Bieler to attend. Bieler cabled greetings wishing for success and regretted that his government had waited until the last moment to turn him down, after preliminary indication that he would be given a passport. A sad letter from Kunert to the sponsors quoted what he called the refusal's sole "nebulous sentence": "There are many heavy-weight political, cultural, moralistic reasons which speak against the journey. . . ." The action confirmed reports from East Germany during the last three months that the regime has begun to reinstate strictures relaxed a year and a half ago. Iván Boldizsár (Hungary), who is on a visit to the States sponsored by the Ford Foundation, showed up unexpectedly for one of the panels. "I am here," he said, "to restore the delicate East-West balance with my 200 pounds."

Like Josef Nesvadba and Josef Skvorecky (Czechoslovakia), he was a most urbane man, but unlike them he did not leave it to others to argue for the social role of literature. Boldizsár appeared on a panel on "Translation: Delayed Message or New Communication?" and did not confine himself, as did Anthony Burgess (England), Gwyn Jones (Wales) and Lars Forssell (Sweden) to the technical problems of translation: he made the point that the translator plays the role of bridging cultures and national differences. This was an argument more remarkable for the fact that it came from a Socialist than for its originality; until then it seemed that the Socialists were going to stress more than anything else that they were not Socialist realists.

At the first panel discussion, devoted to "Literature's Social Genres: Way Out, Cop-Out or In?," Esfandiary's disdain for

The reviews and essays in this section are all connected in some manner with the International Writers Conference reported by Jose Yglesias.

¶ At the conference panel on "Methods of Madness in Modern Literature," the following exchange took place between Camilio José Cela, the Spanish writer, and a member of the audience, who asked: "Speaking of madness, can you explain your government's action in prohibiting the homage to Machado?" He replied: "You may know that I signed the homage. You must know that I am not a minister of the Spanish Government and do not know why they prohibited the homage. You may not know that the same government also prohibited a demonstration in front of the United States Embassy in Madrid to protest the dropping of four atom bombs on the beach at Palomares." The anonymous report from Spain furnishes a full account of the homage to Machado.

¶ Chinua Achebe's new novel, here reviewed by Robert Green, is the work of a young Nigerian who was scheduled to attend the conference but did not.

¶ Manfred Bieler, author of *The Sailor in the Bottle,* reviewed by Peter Teachout, is an East German novelist who was not permitted by his government to attend the conference.

¶ Mr. Esfandiary's essay is an expansion of the ideas he presented at the panel in which he participated.

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poets who made nightingales their subject was first countered by Josef Nesvadba. "I want to speak for the nightingales," he said, because Esfandiary's appeal reminded him too much of past attitudes toward literature by officialdom in Czechoslovakia. And he gained a round of applause for that, as well as the approval of Anthony Burgess, a witty and irascible man, who dominated the session with his views that commitment seekers ask the writer to write propaganda, and propaganda is the death of art. Sol Yurick, a young American novelist who was moderator for the panel, tried to impress Burgess with the need of writers to be morally concerned with social problems, though he too deplored propaganda, and cited Burgess' *The Clockwork Orange* as an example of a work containing the first concern and avoiding the other. But Burgess insisted that in this novel he had been mainly intent on working out a combined English-Russian slang for his gang of young hoodlums in a future society, so that his clinical account would not date.

This first panel seemed to have set the roles for the conference: Easterners from impoverished nations, such as Esfandiary, Khushwant Singh (India), W. S. Rendra (Indonesia), were most committed to the people's concerns; and Americans, representing the most affluent country, were the most political; while the English and Europeans (including Socialists) were the most careful to point out that literature is the working out of an aesthetic problem, with its social aspects, as Nathalie Sarraute put it, being by-products of its form.

This line-up was jogged on the second day of the conference by the appearance of John Arden, the English playwright, for whom there was no question of the social intent of his work. Not that he didn't confess to problems: "The inability to tie up one's art and one's life is frustrating," he said. And went on to explain that he had had to be at a script conference that afternoon when he wanted to be at the anti-Vietnamese war parade. Also, he said that his play, *Serjeant Musgrave's Dance,* was playing to audiences who could do nothing about the problems it deals with. "Ideally, President Johnson should come to this small theatre in Greenwich Village and at the end of the performance say, 'My God, I've made a dreadful mistake!' and call someone in Washington and stop the war."

Arden described his visit to the Berliner Ensemble, the theatre founded by Bertolt Brecht in East Berlin with lavish help from the government. He talked about the magnificent equipment of the theatre, the superb training of the actors, and described the mixed motives of the government in

ARE THE PEOPLE INFALLIBLE?

BERTOLT BRECHT

1

My teacher
Who was great, who was kind
Has been shot, sentenced by a People's Court.
As a spy. His name has been condemned.
His books have been annihilated. Conversation about him
Is suspect and has subsided.
Suppose he is innocent?

2

The sons of the people have found him guilty.
The collective farms and factories of the workers
The most heroic institutions in the world
Have found in him an enemy.
No voice was raised on his behalf.
Suppose he is innocent?

3

The people have many enemies.
In the highest positions
Sit enemies. In the most useful laboratories
Sit enemies. They build
Canals and dams for the good of whole continents and the canals
Clog up and the dams
Collapse. The man in charge must be shot.
Suppose he is innocent?

4

The enemy walks in disguise.
He draws a worker's cap down over his face. His friends
Know him for a zealous worker. His wife
Displays the holes in his shoes:
He went through his shoes in the service of the people.
And yet he is an enemy. Was my teacher such a man?
Suppose he is innocent?

5

To speak about the enemies who may be sitting in the courts of the people
Is dangerous. For the courts have to be respected.
To demand papers with the proofs of guilt on them in black and white
Is senseless. For there need not be any such papers.
Criminals hold proofs of their innocence in their hands.
The innocent often have no proofs.
Is it best, then, to be silent?
Suppose he is innocent?

6

What 5000 have built, one man can destroy.
Among 50 who are sentenced
One may be innocent.
Suppose he is innocent?

7

On the supposition that he is innocent
What will he be thinking as he goes to his death?

Translated by ERIC BENTLEY

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supporting it, and the problems Brecht sometimes encountered when government officials decided that a scene in some play was "incorrect." Yet after considering the nature of the theatre in capitalist countries, he would, he repeated twice, have made the same choice as Brecht.

Connected to the debated question of the writer's commitment were other views on how to keep literature viable which cropped up during the first half of the conference. For some it meant reflecting new experiences; for others the need to create new forms. In the panel "Revolutions and Revolutionaries in Literature," for example, Sarraute interpreted the phrase only in terms of the aesthetic of the novel, and spoke of her work as an attempt to keep the novel form alive, since for her the artist's refusal to repeat old forms is a way of achieving sincerity and intensity. Jakov Lind (Austria), in an earlier panel on "Methods of Madness in Modern Literature," defended the new literature from the point of view of one, as he said, who has never written more than straight reporting. Consequently, by the time the session on "The Tradition of the Old: Its Value in a New Literature" came round on Saturday night, the *avant-garde*—to use a catchall description—had established rather firmly its reasons for being on both aesthetic and social grounds.

At this point, the appearance of Isaac Bashevis Singer provided a dramatic confrontation of the old and the new which made everything that had been said until then academic. First, Singer read a new short story, none of whose elements were new, but all of which was moving and artful and, by example, made the talk of the search for new forms and new experiences seem callow. Old and somewhat frail, Singer was a kind of immigrant grandfather figure, the possessor of an indestructible Yiddish accent and assured self-knowledge. Responding to questions from the audience, he said: "Writers who don't know who they are, are read by people who don't know who they are either, and together they get no place. The young man wants to know why I don't write about the Vietnamese war and how come I fall back on mysticism and hobgoblins? If I knew, maybe Mr. Johnson would read what I write, then maybe I might write about Vietnam. I am an old man and I remember how after the revolution in Russia they were making a new literature and it didn't work and now they are more traditional than the traditionalists and haven't even found their way back to tradition. At least the hobgoblins don't disappoint me. . . . You cannot get away from who you are, just as a man cannot run away from his accent!"

Glowering, Jakov Lind got up from his seat in the audience, the rebellious son facing the father. "Mr. Singer is so sure of his identity, he knows who his parents and grandparents are. What about me? What about the young people who don't know? Are we going to keep on telling the same old stories in the same old way?" Singer's thin voice went up an octave, his syntax became more Yiddish: "I do not reject anybody, I welcome work that is real work. But I am sick and tired to hear the young man who says, 'I'm going to jump, I'm going to jump.' So jump already!"

The last night three members of the English Department sat on a panel with Camilio José Cela (Spain) and Irving Layton (Canada) displaying uneasiness about the subject to be discussed: "Are Writers Conferences Possible?" They had worked hard, they weren't sure it was a success, but they had all been at a cocktail party P.E.N. had held for the members of the conference, and because of that and because the discussion was being held in a student lounge, the exchange was more intimate, the audience more vocal. Layton opened with the statement that the conference was a failure because it had not addressed itself to the fact that present-day writers, inheritors of the tradition of writers as protesters, were now more hostile to society than ever before in history. Cela agreed that writing is protest—"What is our *Don Quixote* if not a protest?"—but the artist must remain true to his own vision and experience in his protest. The arguments of the previous days were gone over, with Layton insisting that not until now had they been posed.

Norman MacCaig (Scotland), in high spirits but benevolent, his accent as beguiling as Singer's, got up from the audience to take issue. He spoke of Hugh MacDiarmid whom he called the greatest poet in Scotland, perhaps in the world, a Communist and a vocal one and so fanatical a Scottish nationalist that "he would have visas at the border with England." MacDiarmid would not agree with me, he said, but his poetry contradicts everything he says as a Communist. "I don't believe," MacCaig summed up, "that an artist, when he sits down to write, gives a damn about anything but the rules of his craft!"

As the session neared its end, everyone had come to believe that the conference had been, as Hemingway might put it, *good*. Particularly in its primary function of introducing the students to what is on the minds of representative writers today. When Professor Tucker called on the last questioner, a young girl got up and said Layton was right to ask that the conference address itself to the question of today's increased hostility. But what was the answer?—the world is frightening and nowhere has she found an answer. Everyone had his own reply and she wondered if there could be a synthesis. "I have seen a young friend driven mad by no answer and he shot himself. I am 21, and I am scared."

During the telling, her voice broke, and when she finished, the gathering became very silent. "Good!" Layton finally said; he felt she proved him right; it was to her *cri de coeur* that the conference should have addressed itself. MacCaig got up again and in a consoling way offered her an answer; she was asking for order, he said, and that was what artists have to offer and to achieve: order. It was a good point at which to end the conference and Professor Tucker said so.

Spain: No Homage Allowed!

The account of a demonstration in Spain which follows was written by a Spanish participant whose name, for obvious reasons, cannot be given. —The Editors

Because of the nature of his life, his work and his death, the poet Antonio Machado is a great unifying symbol for Spain's intellectuals and artists. As the Franco army neared Barcelona in 1939, he refused special treatment and marched to the border of France, accompanied by his aged mother, with thousands of his fellow Spaniards. He died soon afterward in the frontier village of Collioure and was buried there in February, 1939.

In February, 1959, the first "Homage to Machado" took place at Collioure. For this occasion, Picasso drew a special poster, Rafael Alberti and other poets wrote eulogies, and a distinguished cortege of exiled Spaniards and foreign friends of Republican Spain attended. Simultaneously, intellectuals in Franco's Spain organized a memorial meeting in Segovia, where Machado lived from 1919 to 1931. The Falangists, attempting to claim Machado for their own, announced a rival homage in Soria, where Machado lived and taught from 1907 to 1912. The "official" homage was boycotted; the well-attended Segovia demonstration was addressed by Laín Entralgo, Luis Aranguren, Blas de Otero and Dionisio Ridruejo before it was broken up by Falangist "blue shirts."

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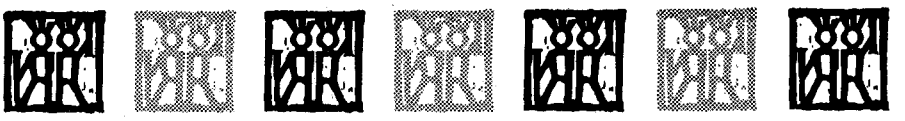
Spain is caught between conflicting needs today. It would like to claim its great literary and artistic figures without opening the door to their philosophy. (Unamuno's centenary was widely given notice last year with no inkling of the circumstances of his house arrest in Salamanca by the Fascists; Picasso has been honored with a museum of his own in Barcelona, almost empty of Picassos.) This year's homage to Machado apparently posed a similar problem. The organizers of this gathering for February 20 had chosen the town of Baeza where Machado had taught French for several years in the local school. Those were the years following the death of his young wife, a sad time which he was helped to live through by contact with the impoverished people of the area, and he has written explicitly and eloquently of their influence on his democratic views and his simple, spare poetry.

Initially, the event seemed to have been tolerated. Notice was given to all government bureaus concerned that the homage was to consist of the unveiling of a monument to Machado — a bronze head made by the sculptor Pablo Serrano —to be placed outside Baeza in a particularly lovely spot which had often been visited by Machado in his walks. The homage was announced under the title "Walks With Antonio Machado."

The organizing committee included the judge of Baeza, as well as writers and artists living in Madrid. Surprisingly, the Spanish press gave the event considerable notice. Several days before the date, the weekly *Triunfo* in Madrid published a full-page photograph of the finished bronze bust, illustrating an article written by José Moreno Galván; at the same time a number of other papers published declarations of support and testimonies of public sympathy for the project. Even the local paper, *Jaen,* carried an announcement. The day before the homage a brief note appeared in several papers, its origin unknown, declaring that the event had been canceled. By that time, most of the people who intended to go to Baeza had already started out from many parts of Spain—from Alicante, Seville, Cordoba, Valencia, Barcelona, San Sebastián, Bilbao, Madrid.

The Guardia Civil, armed with submachine guns, were waiting for the cars on all the roads around Baeza, several kilometers from the city limits. All vehicles were stopped; in the beginning, private cars were allowed to proceed, though not without having their license numbers noted. People in buses were forced to continue on foot. Later, many others went on foot when cars were also stopped.

Under these tense circumstances, some



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ELEGY FOR DON FRANCISCO GINER DE LOS RIOS

From Campos de Castilla (1912)

ANTONIO MACHADO (1875-1939)

At the time the master disappeared
the morning light
mentioned to me: "For three days
my brother Francisco has done nothing.
Has he died?" . . . All we know
is that he has gone off a clear road,
telling us this: show
your grief for me in work and hope.
Be good, forget the rest, be
what I have been among you: a soul.
Live, life is awake,
the corpses are dying, the shadows go by,
the man who abandons still has, and the man who had lived lives!
Make noise, you anvils; be silent, you church bells!

So the brother of the dawnlight
went off toward a purer light,
leaving the sun of his work,
the old happy man with a holy life.
. . . O yes, my friends, carry
his body to the mountains!
to the blue mountains
near the Guadarrama!
There I know deep ravines
with green pines where the wind is singing.
His heart can rest
under an ordinary oak
in the thyme fields, where the golden
butterflies are fluttering. . . .
One day the master there
imagined a new blossoming of Spain.

Translated by ROBERT BLY

Francisco Giner de los Rios was founder of the Free Institution of Learning in Madrid. He led most of the efforts toward reform of education in Spain.

2,500 people arrived in Baeza, not counting another large group that did not succeed in breaking through the police line. The crowd of people moved out of town toward the area of the monument. The line was long and silent, but among the marchers the mood was one of affection and camaraderie. Shortly before they arrived at the designated spot, armed police (nicknamed the "Grays" because of the color of their uniform) appeared and blocked the road. Several participants walked forward to ask for an explanation, which the police refused.

A lieutenant and police reinforcements arrived. The police lieutenant said flatly that the gathering was canceled, and that his orders were to keep the participants away. He said he did not know the reasons why.

A spokesman requested that someone of authority — the mayor of the city or the governor of the province—be told of the unanimous desire of the marchers to wait for some explanation. The lieutenant refused, and threatened to charge on the group. Those present pressed together and showed their decision to stay and wait for the arrival of someone in power who could explain. The effort these people had gone through to get to Baeza, many from places far away, could not end in such a manner. They did not want to be forced to return home because of the arbitrary order of a state policeman or an officious member of the constabulary.

The lieutenant took a step backward and blew a whistle. The police drew up in lines and raised their clubs. The lieutenant read a paragraph referring to "violations of the laws of Public Order" and announced that at the third blow of the whistle, the police would "charge" against persons present. Those present linked arms tightly and prepared to hold to their decision.

The charge began. The "Grays" held back a moment. The officer drew his pistol and shouted, "Charge! Charge!" Another policeman from the Political-Social Brigade waved his pistol as if he were fencing; he was furious—absolutely out of his mind. "Charge! Charge!"

The few people who ran in the first moments were violently pursued by the "Grays." Those who stood and faced the police were beaten, men, women and children alike. Many fell down under the blows. Young people sobbed with fear. Any who attempted to help others on the ground were themselves attacked.

When the crowd broke, they were pursued 2 kilometers back to town to the main plaza of Baeza where they attempted to take shelter in bars or cafés. The police expelled them by force into the streets where they were again beaten.

The town watched in astonishment. Assisted by members of the Political-Social Brigade, the "Grays" shoved and pushed the demonstrators to their cars. Those who had no cars in which to leave were thwacked, chased, hunted into any shelter they could take. Long lines of cars fled by all the highways leading out, and those who arrived at Ubeda (a nearby town) could see the officers in the Guardia Civil barracks waiting for the order to go to Baeza.

Twenty-seven people were arrested, among them José Moreno Galván (author of the article mentioned above); Pedro Caba (doctor); Eduardo Urculo (painter); Manuel Aguilar (publisher); Roberto Puig (architect); Cortijo and Ripollés (painters); Alfredo Florez (lawyer); J. A. Ramos Herranz (engineer); Pedro Dicenta (teacher); Carlos Alvarez (poet), et al.

There has not been a word of this in the Spanish press. The international news services in Spain have given out very little information, most of it having come through an "official" news service headed by Manuel Fraga Iribarne, Minister of Information and Tourism. This material was on about the same level as an account by one American correspondent who misreported the events, presenting them as a quarrel between two groups, which obliged the police to intervene to maintain order.

Of the twenty-seven arrested, sixteen were freed just before dawn. Eleven remained under arrest, and were taken to Jaen and set free the next day after they had paid fines varying according to the "offense" from 5,000 to 25,000 pesetas.

In the end, the much heralded new liberalism of Franco's Spain has all the old trade-marks of authoritarianism: the "Grays," the beatings, the arrests — and silence.

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Nigeria's New Man

ROBERT GREEN

Mr. Green teaches in the Department of Literature in the University College, Dar es Salaam. He has done work on English folk drama and 19th-century American fiction.

Writers of fiction are often soothsayers who have a disturbing power of foretelling the future: soon after Dostoevsky had begun serializing *Crime and Punishment,* a murder very similar to Raskolnikov's was committed in Moscow; again, the Soviet novel, *The Trial Begins* (1960) prophesied the recent show-trial of its author, Andrei Sinyavsky. And now Chinua Achebe's fourth novel, *A Man of the People* (Heinemann, 1966) ends with the overthrow of the government by the army in a newly independent African state. It is indeed very difficult to resist drawing a parallel between Achebe's last work of fiction and the recent upheavals in the author's Nigeria. But *A Man of the People* will continue to be read long after its topical spiciness has subsided; the novel will be remembered and reread as something more than an oracular utterance from Delphi-Lagos.

Achebe has always been a stern and compellingly honest commentator on his own society, but in two of his earlier novels, *Things Fall Apart* (1958) and *Arrow of God* (1963), the focus was on past events and on how the generations of Achebe's father and grandfather reacted to the white colonialist and missionary. In a third novel, *No Longer at Ease* (1960), Achebe brought his record up to date. In that book he examines the plight of a young Nigerian graduate who had been educated in England and, on returning to Lagos, found himself hamstrung by the clash between the new Western values and his emotional reliance on the old tribal mores. Obi, the hero-martyr, ends up in prison on a corruption charge, and little hope is held out of any possible area of compromise or adjustment between the old and the new, as discussed in my essay on this subject (*The Nation,* October 11, 1965).

The fourth novel, *A Man of the People,* can profitably be read as a sequel to *No Longer at Ease,* and as an examination of what happens to a man who chooses to ignore both the old and the new morality and who decides to act only for himself and his own self-aggrandizement. It is as if Obi, during his prison sentence, had been brainwashed into forgetting both his London B.A. and his uneducated tribesmen. The brainwashing succeeds; Obi is transformed into the hero-villain of *A Man of the People,* Minister of Culture Nanga: Machiavelli's *The Prince* has been rewritten and revised for post-Independence African politicians.

The title itself, *A Man of the People,* tells us much about the volume's ironical ambiguity. Nanga is a semi-literate teacher who has jumped on the political bandwagon at the right moment and, by a combination of charm and sheer effrontery, has risen to become, most ironically, Minister of Culture. (He has heard the name of Rider Haggard, but not of the country's best young writer.) He now acts entirely from selfishness: contracts are "fixed," "dashes" (bribes) gratefully received from all and sundry, and Nanga gets richer and richer. Clearly, in one sense, Nanga is emphatically not "of the people," since the people whom he governs are only pawns in his own selfish game. And yet, in another sense, Nanga is a very real representative of the people, because he is doing exactly what is expected of a man in his exalted position.

It is well known that Nanga is a corrupt adventurer but Achebe demonstrates that everyone in the country accepts this as the role of the politician. It is not the political chicanery of the novel that disturbs us—after all both Britain and the United States have had their versions of Mr. Nanga exposed recently—but the widespread tolerance of the evil in all its forms and at all levels. The country has been independent for only seven years, but already the high ideals of 1957 have lost all their meaning for everybody; the concepts of service to the state and of nation building, embodied in the Independence Day song, can now only evoke a wry grin:

> I will return home to her—many
> centuries have I wandered—
> And I will make my offering at the
> feet of my lovely Mother:
> I will rebuild her house, the holy
> places they raped and plundered,
> And I will make it fine with black
> wood, bronzes and terra-cotta.

But supplying terra cotta to the government for the refurbishing of the national shrine now earns the relevant minister his 10 per cent "dash." In *Things Fall Apart* and *Arrow of God,* the black mother was defiled and degraded by the white invader: in *A Man of the People* the rapists are black pirates. And the consequent effect on the health of the nation—the change from "they," the British, to "us," the Nigerians as invaders—is nearly fatal. The whole country stands by and condones the rape of the black mother, and Nanga is only the lucky man whose gains are measured in thousands of pounds; but there is still a small piece of the national cake for anyone who chooses to stretch out his hand, and forget that the "cake" is the health of his own nation.

Odili, a young and idealistic schoolteacher, the narrator of the novel, determines to break up these attitudes. But Odili himself is compromised. He decides to contest Nanga's constituency, but his own motives are muddied by his wish to capture Nanga's second wife, Edna.

In more general terms, all the rebels have a hard time trying to keep their motives clean. Odili's party, the CPC, has been formed by young intellectuals and professional people in order to fight the ruling POP of which Nanga is Minister of Culture. POP offers the CPC a substantial bribe not to contest the election; the CPC takes the money but uses it to buy a minibus, a necessary addition to their campaign to unseat the POP candi-

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date. And so POP money subsidizes the election campaign of the group hoping to unseat them: it is as if the Ku Klux Klan underwrote Senator Kennedy. The election campaign is thus a series of compromises — at personal, party and village levels; even Odili's home village supports Nanga in order to insure their future piped-water supply.

In one sentence Odili says:

> What I had to accomplish became more than another squabble for political office; it rose suddenly to the heights of symbolic action, a shining monumental gesture untainted by hopes of success or reward.

But Achebe is too honest a writer to try to make us believe in Odili's disinterestedness, and the whole novel demonstrates very clearly that these grand gestures are no longer possible in Nigeria: the only gesture is a tickling of the palm and the writing of a check. Achebe constantly shows us the dichotomy between what Odili wants to believe of himself and of his country, and the way in which he is forced to act. The road to Jerusalem is blocked, but the diversion involves giving a bribe to the soldier on duty. Achebe shows his poise in this slippery world. The first sentence of *A Man of the People* marvelously captures the balanced tone of the rest of the narrative: "No one can deny that Chief, the Honourable M.A. Nanga, M.P., was the most approachable politician in the country."

Though the novel is not a pretty or an optimistic book, it does have two outstanding virtues: it is very funny and very honest.

I have already indicated some of its honesty in Achebe's demonstration that even the idealistic narrator has to compromise. But Achebe also shows that Nanga, the villain, is an attractive personality. It would have been easy to write two novels: one where Nanga is the hero in an amoral world; the other in which Odili is the hero in a reformable world. Instead, Achebe has succeeded in making both Nanga and Odili sympathetic figures. The book is also astringently honest in its analysis of the teething troubles of a young nation. This paragraph is Odili's perceptive observation on Nigeria:

> A man who has just come in from the rain and dried his body and put on dry clothes is more reluctant to go out again than another who has been indoors all the time. The trouble with our new nation . . . was that none of us had been indoors long enough to be able to say "to hell with it." We had all been in the rain together until yesterday. Then a handful of us—the smart and the lucky and hardly ever the best—had scrambled for the one shelter our former rulers left, and had taken it over and barricaded themselves in. And from within they sought to persuade the rest through numerous loudspeakers, that the first phase of the struggle had been won and that the next phase—the extension of our house—was even more important and called for new and original tactics; it required that all argument should cease and the whole people speak with one voice and that any more dissent and argument outside the door of the shelter would subvert and bring down the whole house.

In fact the novel does indeed end with the fall of "the whole house": the government is overthrown after a reign of terror and the army takes control. Achebe has shown with great insight that a morality that is successful at village level is not necessarily operative at national level.

The author has managed to include much wit and humorous observation alongside his astute analysis into the political situation of an individual, a village, a party and a country. Several of the scenes had me laughing aloud: a rare phenomenon. Particularly recommended are Achebe's parody of an anti-Western newspaper editorial, and the whole scene in which a cabinet minister thinks that he has been poisoned because his cook's supply of Nescafé has run out, and he has been given instead OHMS coffee ("our home-made stuff"): I hardly need to add that the government has been conducting a big publicity campaign to boost the sale of this OHMS coffee which the cabinet minister refuses to drink. And sentences like this one are scattered throughout the novel: "In our country a long American car driven by a white-uniformed chauffeur and flying a ministerial flag could pass through the eye of a needle."

This is a wise and witty book and a distinguished successor to Achebe's earlier work. It would be encouraging if one were to find it high on the book list of General Ironsi. Nigeria (and all Africa) can find much to learn from Achebe's scintillating sermon.

East-West Sons of Huck Finn

THE SAILOR IN THE BOTTLE. *By Manfred Bieler. Translated from the German by James Clark. E. P. Dutton & Co. 221 pp. $4.50.*

THE WIG: a mirror image. *By Charles Wright. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. 179 pp. $3.95.*

PETER R. TEACHOUT

Mr. Teachout is a Harvard Law School graduate now studying at Sussex University. He is a contributor to Southern Justice *(Pantheon).*

Spring. Huck Finn comes at us over the wall. The specter of runaway slave Jim stalks the streets of Harlem. Here is a pair of satires, one by a young East German, the other by a young American Negro—both are bastard offspring of Mark Twain's American classic *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.*

East German Manfred Bieler's *The Sailor in the Bottle* is the story of Bonifaz, an eccentric landlocked sailor, who wanders about in Germany during and after the close of World War II. Bonifaz is a passionate neutral; he is also a repatriated P.O.W. and carries, wherever he goes, the neutrality certificate he received when he was exchanged under the Geneva Convention: "No repatriated person shall be employed on active military service. . . ." This certificate becomes the symbol of his resistance to the recruiting forces of the civilization around him.

Bonifaz has a friend, the ancient bedridden Brother Leverentz, at the local Moravian home. One night, drinking wine together in a room called Paradise, the two bargain over the price of a proposed load of firewood. Leverentz has no money, so instead he promises to grant Bonifaz his wish. Bonifaz wishes to be a "white four-master with yards a housetop high . . . and a full wind astern, inside a nice green Jamaica rum bottle"— a symbolic figure for the sailor in the bottle, the landlocked wanderer, the classic picaresque hero.

The Bonifaz adventures are a dreamwork translation of *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*; the characters wear different hats, the narrative clocks aren't quite synchronized, but the pattern and materials are there. Huckleberry's Pap drank too much and suffered delirium tremens; Bonifaz gets drunk with the invading Russian army and has hallucinations of his own; Huck was locked up in Pap's cabin, Bonifaz is jailed as a political prisoner; Huck ran away to his secret cave on the Mississippi, Bonifaz shuts himself away in an abandoned German military depot; the fantasy raids and murders of Tom Sawyer's gang become the imaginary war games Bonifaz plays on the staff maps in the depot. The parallels continue to the end. Huck's river has become (via "the river within" of Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye*) Bonifaz's sea "behind it all."

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In the course of his adventures, Bonifaz wanders (systematically) through each of three major political spheres: Fascist, Communist and capitalist. The best writing occurs in the opening episodes, before Bonifaz leaves Tesch. Here Bonifaz is the passive neutral, bullied at every turn by the totalitarian demands of the wartime Fascists, and forced to survive by his wits. By using the straw Nazi Party in this context, Bieler gets away some of his best satire of the East German system (and of the book) without setting himself up for the censors. But as Bonifaz moves into the Communist sphere (the invading Russian army) the satire becomes safe, and by the time he reaches the capitalist one (the postwar West) it has become obsolete.

There are two linchpin problems that Bieler fails to meet: what to do with neutral Bonifaz when the war is over (he becomes the bully); and with what terms to treat the West (those of an East German "class-struggle" primer). The moment Bonifaz steps into the West he becomes loudly irreverent about things Bieler doesn't quite understand—like "capitalist" razor-blade factory owners (and sex). The failure of Bieler's satire corrupts the rest of his novel.

Bieler almost pulls the show together in the closing movement with a nice adaptation of an important dramatic shift from *Huckleberry Finn*. Huck began his adventures by running away from civilization, but shifted his energies to help rescue the reimprisoned runaway slave Jim (mankind). Bonifaz makes the same good turn: his incarcerated "runaway slave Jim" is a teen-age girl named Pulle —who made her first love with him but later made the rounds *(poule)*. In a closing episode, she is confined in a coldly modern lying-in home pregnant with the child of an unknown man. It is summer when Bonifaz arrives; he is greeted by the head matron:

> . . . she wiped mutton from her face. "Wass the matter?" she asked. . . .

Into this dehumanizing atmosphere, Bonifaz tries to bring the human communion. But even Pulle seems beyond reach ("her thoughts were probably centered within"), and she barely responds when Bonifaz attempts to talk with her. A boy is born. Bonifaz's response to the blessed event is symbolic of the way his world has turned. He carves a miniature four-master and

> I cut eighteen little white sails out of my [neutrality] document and gummed them to the yards and gave my ship to Pulle and her son. . . .

The earth revolves: winter to summer, death to birth, breaking free to bringing together. But the communion with Pulle can exist (in the words of old Leverentz) only "in the span between little and a little more." Shortly she says goodby.

In the last scene, Bonifaz is seen striking off for the border and East Germany where he has a friend.

Another hero "lighting out for the territories." One trouble with *The Sailor in the Bottle* is that we have seen better Huckleberry reincarnations before — like Augie March or Holden Caulfield or Yossarian of *Catch-22*. Bonifaz simply lacks the stature. Nor does his East German difference make much difference at all; because for the most part Bieler seems to be playing picaresque games with us—and only in a very few early moments does he really seem to care. But this is Bieler's first novel, and there are moments when a serious young artist can be seen at work. I have a friend, Christoph, who is a medical student at Humboldt University in East Berlin. One afternoon last September we walked for miles along the inside of the wall, looking at the guards with their machine guns and at the barbed wire, and whispering (because you have to if you want to say anything that matters), and plotting fantasy ways for Christoph to escape, and laughing at what he was saying about the state (because it is absurd). But when I came to leave we were no longer laughing, and Christoph stood inside the Friedrichstrasse underground exit looking like a kid locked in on a rainy afternoon—watching me walk through the turnstiles and out past the officials to the train to the West. The best parts of *The Sailor in the Bottle* are like that — a strange mixture of happy irreverence and wistfulness. They know what it means to be locked in on a rainy afternoon, and what it means to have to whisper and yet be able to laugh at the same time.

With Negro writer Charles Wright's *The Wig*, we move from the wall to the ghetto, from Huck's way of looking at that journey down the river to Jim's. Remember the two ways the Duke arranged so they could travel down the river in the daytime without risking Jim's possible recapture. One was to strap Jim down to the raft floor boards. The other was masquerade:

> He dressed Jim up in a King Lear's outfit . . . a long curtain-calico gown, and a white horse-hair wig . . . [and painted him with greasepaint] all over a dead, dull solid blue . . . [and made a sign]: *Sick Arab — but harmless when not out of his head.*

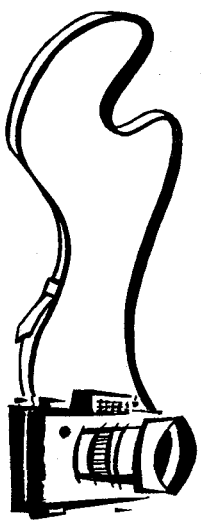
In *The Wig*, this image of the fastened-down, grotesquely masqueraded, runaway slave Jim is superimposed on the classic Faustian legend—in the context of contemporary Harlem. The result is Lester Jefferson's story.

Young Lester Jefferson wants to succeed, to move toward the goal of the Great Society, but to succeed he needs "an acquisitional gimmick." So when the drugstore man made the (Faustian) promise,

> With this, you may become whatever you desire,

Lester bought the bottle of Silky Smooth Hair Relaxer—with which he soon transforms his nappy hair into a glorious set of curls, the Wig. The Wig is a symbolic step toward success — and toward grotesque masquerade. Nonnie Swift, the aging whore and widow, calls him from the hallway where she lies on the floor unable to lift herself up. She is exhaling brandy, and her "costume" is a blue-rinse bouffant, sea-green contact lenses, deep purple American Lady lipstick, plastic violets and a rhinestone Mother Hubbard robe. Nonnie pretends to Creole blood from "one of the oldest families in New Orleans"; she lives under the delusion that she is pregnant—but the baby never comes. Nonnie's masquerade is like runaway slave Jim's; and the analogy goes deeper than physical costume. Nonnie is running away from her true self, and from being Negro; she is a slave to her own distorted self-image and inner corruptions.

But *"everyone* has something going for them," says Miss Sandra Hanover as she



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prances around her *pied-à-terre* with her phony lashes, plucked brows, gold nails, Hollywood poses, Hollywood talk, and

> . . . thick dark stubble . . . visible under two layers of female hormone powder. . . .

Miss Hanover is a transvestite who thinks "she" is a white woman. Miss Hanover "does" people. Everyone in his own way is a runaway slave Jim: Mrs. Tucker hides behind her rusty tin-covered door listening to gospel music; Little Jimmy ("Sick Arab") Wishbone spends most of his time in a psychiatric ward reliving his past as a famous Hollywood "Tom"; the people who sell out the Negro soul such as the Deb who sells her body to Swedish seamen and Mr. Sunflower Ashley-Smith who promotes "colored rock and roll singers" and soul music.

Lester's story is told in terms of symbolic encounters with each of these characters. At first his Wig seems his key to the world of "connections," but it soon comes to symbolize a barrier between him and fellowship and love. He discovers he has entered a dehumanized world of averted eyes, financial deals, putting out feelers, show-biz talk, hot hands, mechanical and military operations. Symbolically, it is only after he stops "puttin' on" about the Wig that he drinks out of a common bottle with Little Jimmy Wishbone; only after he momentarily rejects the Wig that he comes close to love ("a midget step past the gates of pain") with the Deb. Otherwise the Wig means distance, alienation and impotency.

Even in the world of success the Wig is not enough. So Lester becomes "the chicken man" for The King of Southern-Fried Chicken:

> I was crawling through the streets of Harlem on my hands and knees wearing a snow-white, full-feathered chicken costume . . . with electrified feathers . . .

to keep people away. Lester wins fame but only as the anonymous "chicken man." Like Faust he grows more and more alone.

On his day off he stalks the streets longing to make the simplest human contact, but everyone turns him away. Suddenly the world shifts to fantasy, the volume is turned up: a beautiful miragelike girl takes him home (she has a clean kitchenette), where she makes good love to him and whispers, "I've got money. . . ."

The Wig is a book that needs to be deciphered before it can be read. On the surface it is an awkward little book: the imagery is piled, the comic dilemmas are rigged, the jokes are heavy; there is too much nervous kidding, there is no poetry in the slang; the narrative voice shifts from tone to tone; from mock melodramatic ("smiling ecstatically, tears gushing from my . . .") to straight ("being only an average young man . . .") to sentimental ("corny human stuff like that . . ."). The novel barely holds together.

But underneath, in the allegory, we find a complicated piece of orchestration: I have already talked about the Faust legend, there are also echoes of *Candide*. Most significant are the variations in each new character of the interlocking figures of the runaway slave Jim image: the mask, the shell, the lie, the vanity, the "whitewash," the sellout of the Negro and the human soul. The central movement is that of the ghetto's closed circuit: to be free you have to succeed, to succeed you need masquerade, but masquerade means the sellout, and the sellout means you can never be free.

But it doesn't quite work. Because in composing the metaphysics of the allegory, Wright failed in telling his story. But he did not fail to catch the horror—the awful distorting pressures of the ghetto.

Wright's world of *The Wig* is not the world of his first novel about Harlem, *The Messenger*—here there are no front stoops in the Harlem evening, no compassionate blues, no angry young men. In a real sense there are no Negroes, only nightmare sensations—jarring, off key, grotesque—nightmare sensations of being fastened to the ground, of struggling desperately without being able to pull off, of being smothered in the excrementlike pancake make-up of the runaway slave's masquerade.

Iran: Goodby to the Nightingale

F. M. ESFANDIARY

Mr. Esfandiary is an Iranian novelist and essayist. He is the author of Day of Sacrifice *and* The Beggar *(Obolensky) and the forthcoming* Identity Card *(Grove).*

American and European romanticists in their efforts to denigrate progress point to the art and literature of backward countries as evidence of the richness of old civilizations. An American will quote a few verses from Omar Khayyám, then lapse into elaborate praise for the wisdom of the ancient Iranians. "What a glorious culture," he exults. "What a glorious literature. Those ancient peoples said all that there was to say."

This extravagant adulation has encouraged Middle Easterners to languish complacently in self-delusion. The unconscious reasoning of many a Middle Easterner who, to begin with, resists change is: "Even these Americans and Europeans (who are now on top of the world) tell us we have a glorious culture. So why change?"

We Iranians, for example, refer to our country as the land of poetry. Every Iranian, even the muleteer and the laborer, is said to be a poet. It is in our soul, in our blood. We also believe that our literature has long been second to none. Recently, when a couple of Iranian writers complained to a high-ranking member of the regime that the heavy censorship was further stunting our literature, the official gravely responded: "There is nothing wrong with our literature. We have the greatest literature in the world. Even the foreigners say this. Didn't you hear what that famous American scholar who was here recently said? He said that our arts are among the greatest in the world.

It is time Westerners realized that in glorifying our mediocrities, they are only encouraging their own phantasies. It is also time that we in the Middle East realized that in continuing to revel in self-delusion we are fooling no one, only perpetuating our shortcomings.

Iran, like the rest of the Middle East, has had a handful of gifted poets, but never an illustrious literature. Our literature, like our art, has been, for the most part, repetitive and imitative. We have not only been plowing our lands with the same crude equipment our ancestors used centuries ago; we have also been rewriting the same verses, reiterating the same thoughts, weaving the same patterns in our rugs, the same designs in our silver work and mosaic, the same ideas, the same schemes, through the ages.

The Middle East, which has never considered writing to be serious work, cannot expect, much less claim, to have great literature. Books have always symbolized knowledge and erudition, and have been, therefore, highly valued. But the writing of books has never been considered a serious occupation. The reason is not economic alone. In the Middle East writing has always been identified with poetry. To be a writer has meant being a poet. And although poetry has always been widely enjoyed, even venerated, it has never been considered an occupation. At best it is a serious hobby. Hence, to say that you occasionally write poems will evoke interest, perhaps even admiration. But to say that you are a full-time writer will invite incredulity or ridicule.

When I was recently in Teheran, a man

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sitting next to me at a garden party asked what my occupation was. Hoping to avoid the usual lengthy explanation, I attempted to divert his attention. But he persisted.

"I am a writer," I said at length.

"A writer?"

I nodded.

"Ah, you are a poet, how splendid, splendid. You know, I too sometimes. . . ."

"I am not a poet, Agha."

"You don't have to be modest."

"I am not being modest. I am just not a poet. I have never written poetry."

He turned and stared at me quizzically. "Then what do you write?"

"I write essays and novels."

"This is very interesting. But, I still don't know what you do, I mean your occupation."

"I told you, I write."

"Yes, yes, I understand, but what I mean is, what is your profession, your job. Are you an engineer, a doctor, a government employee? . . ."

In the Middle East I often found myself parrying in such dialogues.

Why is writing not considered serious work in the Middle East, with the result that, contrary to popular belief, Arab, Iranian and Turkish literature has been immature and insignificant? It seems to me that there are three main reasons—psychological, economic and political.

In the Middle East we have highly repressive, authoritarian social systems which break the will of individuals, hindering them from developing the confidence to question tradition, challenge authority, deviate from the established course, criticize, analyze, reason creatively. The individual, from childhood, is required at all times to submit.

Characteristically, our literature is also one of submission. Submission not only to artistic and literary traditions but also to rigid social traditions. Except for the brilliant Egyptian writer, Hamad Ammar, and a handful of other contemporary writers, authors in the Middle East have not written penetratingly on such basic problems as patriarchy, parent-child relations, rivalry among brothers or sisters, conjugal relations, religion, sex. These have been considered sacred, private problems and literary allusion to them has been as a rule superficial, complimentary and defensive.

The writer in the Middle East seldom probes deeply into his own emotions, because this would entail facing deep fears, hatreds, resentments and other sources which he would rather not face. Instead, he writes poems about romantic love, patriotism, nightingales, gardens. The only rebelliousness his damaged self-esteem allows him to express is the sanctioned rebelliousness that countless writers have relayed down the centuries. Thus he rails bitterly against Kismet, the devil, the cruelty of the times, the enemies of the fatherland.

Then, too, ours are "shame-cultures." Children are explicitly instructed to be secretive at all times. They are taught never to disclose family or domestic problems to strangers. When a local writer is published abroad, the immediate concern of his compatriots is: I hope he has not written anything about our country that will shame us before the foreigners, and in most cases there is no danger. Authors go out of their way to avoid subjects which might bring "shame" to themselves, their family, native village or homeland. The inevitable recourse has been to drag out the nightingales and write elaborate poems about their warblings.

However, the lack of social and psychological freedom is not the whole story. Economic freedom is also a precondition for cultural progress. Prosperity itself has a liberalizing influence. In poverty-stricken lands, as the Middle East, the creative writer is a rare exception. There is not a single writer in Moslem countries of the Middle East who makes a living from his books. All the writers have full-time occupations, and write in their spare hours. Because the reading public is small, writing is not a lucrative field and therefore publishers pay very little to authors. Often writers pay to be published. The average fee paid for a full-length article or story in a *top* magazine is $8 which, even by local standards, is absurdly low—so low indeed that free-lance writers, as a rule, avoid the indignity of asking for it.

Contrary to the fantasies of many Westerners, the celebrated poets and philosophers of the East were not ascetic men who sat under trees, in sequestered gardens, eating bread and grapes, and drawing inspiration from some inner wealth of "spirituality." The Omar Khayyáms and Sadis, as well as the more contemporary Iqbals and Khalil Gibrans, were all men who had the means, or were given opportunities, to travel, to come in contact with foreign cultures and to be stimulated and enriched by a deep involvement in the world around them. Poverty inspires nothing more than extremes of hostility and apathy.

Political repression has also stunted our literature. The Middle East has always been subjugated by local or foreign overlords, and dictatorships have never tolerated freedom of self-expression. Those who wrote in praise of the dictator were lionized, even subsidized, and awarded titles and high positions. But writers who did not submit to coercions or blandishments and had the courage to protest were invariably sent into exile, imprisoned or murdered. A recent example was Mohamad Massoud, the Iranian author who, in books and articles, criticized the royal family for its corruption, its excesses, its exploitation of the impoverished masses. He was quickly silenced—murdered in his car.

The spirit of constructive criticism and analysis which, to begin with, is weak in the Middle East, has always been further weakened by political repression. Several of the Middle East's top writers live abroad where they can write and publish without the ever present danger of reprisal. Recently, a writer made a plea for the abolition of capital punishment in several countries of the Middle East. But no newspaper or magazine in Syria, Iraq or Iran would print the article, because the regimes in those countries have all executed their opponents and the plea, although based exclusively on humanitarian considerations could be construed as criticism of the government in power.

In Iran, censorship is so heavy that even books brought into the country by foreigners are checked at the customs. Not long ago, an inspector was carefully examining the books of a European tourist,

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asking questions as he glanced through each book.

"And what is this book?"

"This is *Macbeth,* by Shakespeare," the European explained.

"What is it about?"

"Well, it is about some people who murder a king and then. . . ."

"Murder a king?" the official was shocked. "This is a crime. You are carrying subversive literature." The inspector confiscated the books and would have detained the foreigner had other officials not intervened.

The hapless Middle Eastern writer, subjected to these psychological, social, economic and political pressures, has never had the confidence or the encouragement to deviate from tradition, to venture an original thought, a fresh turn of expression. Instead, our writers have always focused on the vestments of literature. They revel in dressing up clichés and platitudes. Writers and readers alike are preoccupied with style and words—the fancier the better. Content is of little importance. Originality is never required. When you ask a Middle Easterner what he thinks of a certain writer or book, more likely than not he will comment exclusively on the form. "I like his style. He has a powerful pen. He has a sweet style. . . ."

Since the beginning of World War II the jolting contact of cultures has flushed people out of their protective traditionalism, upsetting whole socio-economic systems, loosening the grip of patriarchy and absolutism. Inevitably, these stirrings are slowly spreading to art and literature. Authors, emboldened by the crumbling *status quo,* are slowly venturing out of their poetic hiding places, beginning to face themselves and the world around them. A few voices, here and there, can now be heard, challenging the shrines of family and sex, religion and fatherland.

Progressive, revolutionary regimes, like President Nasser's, can give considerable impetus to this healthy trend. For in view of all the miseries, all the injustices, all the suffering, all the age-old maladies that afflict body and mind, literature in these lands can be significant only if it comes to grips with reality, showing the people a fresh vision of life, and inspiring in them a faith in their limitless potential.

TV: No Place for Satire

RUTH FISCHER

Formerly a reporter and editor for the Associated Press, Mrs. Fischer is now a staff writer with the Cleveland Play House.

Parma, Ohio, on the outskirts of Cleveland, was the scene recently of a skirmish with television from which the community emerged with a dubious victory. The real winner was the voice of zealous provincialism, and the ultimate loser was the large Cleveland-area TV audience which, for one brief passing moment, had savored a regional program of rare imagination.

The point of contention was a lampoon soap opera, sprightly and amusing but not nearly so comical as the fracas which finally doomed it to oblivion. The hero, villain or martyr—depending on viewpoint—was Ernie Anderson, a popular and inventive film jockey for Cleveland TV station WJW. For several years Anderson has been lacing the late horror movies over which he presides with between-the-reels live entertainment, and this innovation has won him a wide audience. Some months ago he introduced an original soap opera, *Parma Place,* conceived in burlesque of its Peyton counterpart. Anderson selected the Parma locale not only for its alliteration but also because its typically suburban character presented an almost irresistible backdrop for parody.

Where the grim residents of *Peyton Place* face up to life's rapid-fire crises with dead-level earnestness, the *Parma Place* people wallowed in their troubles with crass unconcern. On the surface, Anderson's serial was no more than a take-off on a peculiarly sudsy soap opera, but underneath there lurked incisive satire. Fingers were pointed and fun was poked at middle-class complacency, lake pollution, female glamour gimmicks, bankers, suburban conventions and—holiest of all sacred cows—at TV itself.

In Anderson's homespun Parma, white socks represented the height of sartorial splendor, the polka reigned supreme, cold cuts were an epicurean delicacy and a discotheque called the Golden Kishka was the gathering place for the smart set. The story focused on the adventures of a fictitious and hopelessly square family. Husband John earned his living as a muckraker, gathering refuse from the depths of waste-filled Lake Erie. (One of the sore spots in Cleveland's civic pride is the problem of lake pollution from industrial waste.) While John raked muck, his wife Janet lounged at home in low-fashion apparel. A practical woman, her hair was forever snaked on big rollers and perpetually capped with a kerchief. This functional halo never gave way to the subsequent glamour it promised; Janet never appeared on camera without the inevitable rollers and kerchief.

Anderson wasn't afraid to slap the hand that fed him. Janet and John watched television endlessly; neither trial nor tribulation could pry them from their 21-inch screen. There was the time, for example, when their daughter was kidnaped and a note arrived with a ransom demand for $4,000. John met this crisis with a shrug, watching TV all the while. "There isn't that kind of money in all of Parma," he observed. Parma bankers stirred restlessly.

The program quickly caught fire. In an area where TV viewers are weary, perhaps, of Brooklyn-oriented network gags, *Parma Place* became a household word. The consensus seemed to be that the program was provocative but never tasteless. Then, in a sudden burst of civic pride, Parma leaders cried "Foul!" and demanded that Anderson quit picking on their suburb. Aroused city officials called the program "a dangerous slur to the community," and Parma Mayor James W. Day declared gravely that his community "was being made to sound like a foot disease." There were dissenters; one group thanked Anderson publicly for putting Parma on the map, for "helping our faceless suburb to achieve identity." But pressures mounted, stronger voices prevailed, and station executives finally called upon Anderson to cease and desist. Overnight, *Parma Place* became an electronic dodo.

But even after it was phased out, the spoof's echoes lingered awhile. Cleveland radio station WKYC invited Parma civic leaders to testify on the air to the cultural assets of their community. That station also announced plans for a festive Parma Vindication Parade — weather permitting. "We see it as a mile-long link from Parma to the world," a station announcer declared.

Posthumous levity, however, does not entirely mask the questions raised by the rise and fall of *Parma Place.* Can a community take a long look at its popular image and join in healthy laughter? And, more significant, who shall have the power of censorship over a TV show?

Puzzle Fans

Are invited to meet their favorite tormentor on Wednesday, May 11, from 6 P.M. on. *The Nation* is giving a buffet supper that evening in honor of Frank Lewis at the Overseas Press Club, 54 West 40 Street; all devotees of his puzzles will be welcome guests. Please let us know if you are coming. Write or call Puzzle Dept., *The Nation,* 333 Sixth Avenue, New York 10014. Telephone: CH 2-8400.

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